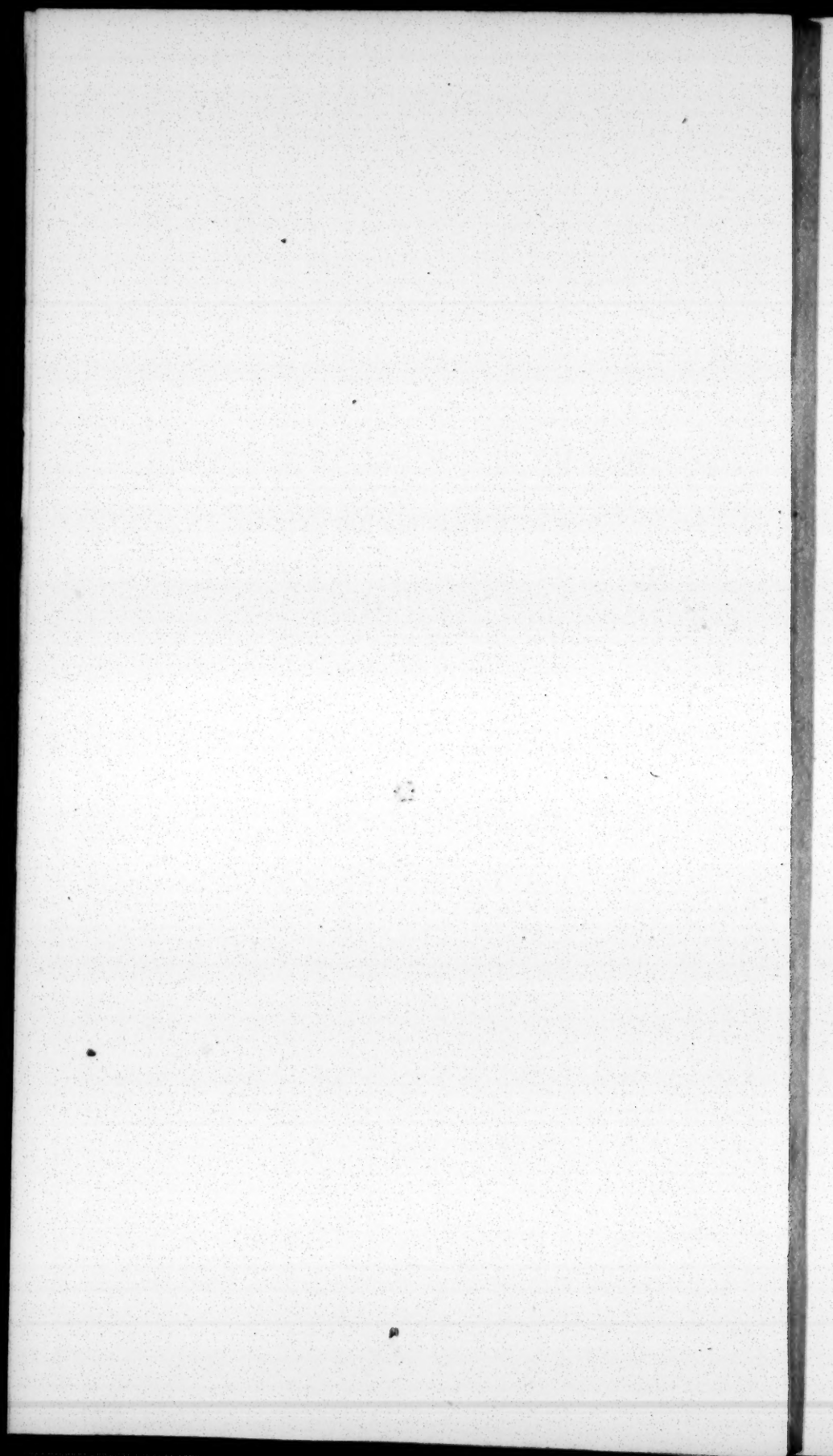


THE  
REFLECTOR.  
A SELECTION OF  
ESSAYS  
ON  
VARIOUS SUBJECTS  
OF  
COMMON LIFE.

VOL. I.





T H E  
R E F L E C T O R.

A S E L E C T I O N O F  
E S S A Y S  
O N  
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S  
O F  
C O M M O N L I F E.

FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Illustrated with  
ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES.

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I love to write, to speak myself as plain  
As honest Skippen or downright Montaigne.

Difficile est non scribere.

POPE.

JUV.

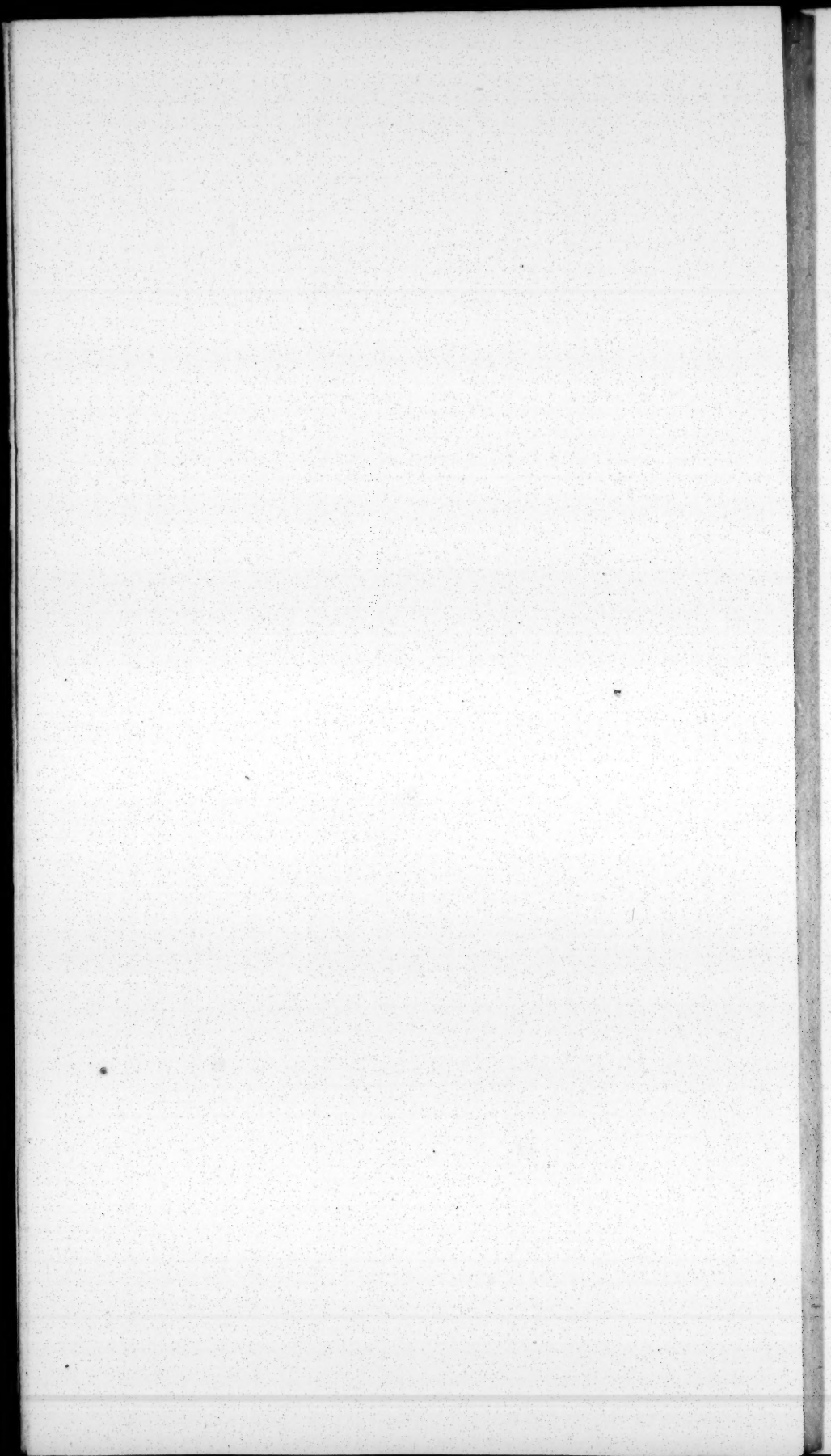
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V O L. I.

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L O N D O N,  
PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

MDCCLXXXVIII.





P R E F A C E.

**I**T will be easily perceived that these essays were written by a plain man, for the perusal of plain readers; and we apprehend they may be more adapted to their peculiar circumstances, than Treatises which have the manners and situations of the great world more in view. Steele and Addison, to their immortal honour, were the first who brought philosophy from schools and colleges, to visit the dressing-room and parlour: and our author, with a well-meant gallantry, has wooed her to take



a trip with him towards the farm-house and the cottage.

But the politer reader, if we should have the honour to engage his attention, must not expect us to catch the living manners of the beau-monde, nor to give such pastoral views of rural life as are fitted to amuse the learned or the studious; but merely to paint country manners as they appear to a plain country-man, and exhibit a kind of rough sketch of rustic nature; while those even of superior talents may find amusement and instruction.

Many critical objections may be made to our plan—that the scenes and allusions are too indigested—the satire rough and declamatory—that both invention and humour are wanting to render the work equal to that of the immortal Bickerstaff: the first of these must be imputed to a slight education, the second to local situation,  
the



the third to peculiar temper, and the last, to a frigidity of genius. Yet surely it is no such very great sin, for a man of confined talents to lay some of his thoughts and observations before the public. The world, even the literary world, is perhaps under greater obligations to little nameless writers, than is generally imagined. The uninformed mind may stumble on important remarks or a happy thought.—Virgil is said to have found jewels on the dunghill of Ennius; and even the man of erudition may discover something worth his perusal in the most ordinary scribbler.

It remains only to observe, that although we profess to have always written from our own judgment or feelings, and never influenced by a great name to speak contrary to our fixed opinion, yet we have carefully avoided giving false sentiments, for the sake of novelty,  
or

or gaining the fame of original writings. On no occasion have we missed observing what is just and pertinent, because it had been said before, or might be accounted trite and common.

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T H E  
R E F L E C T O R.

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A N E X O R D I U M.

**T**HERE is a certain disorder, which some people are liable to, the learned call it a CACOETHES SCRIBENDI, for they feel a crowd of ideas (like so many insects) crawling and buzzing in their brains, so that no kind of ease is to be obtained but by scratching, not as in the common disorder, but upon paper: there is a very material difference in this distemper, from all other maladies; for

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B

those who have caught it are not ashamed, but vain, and ever uneasy until they have made it public.

It is chiefly in great cities and universities that this disorder rages, where it is caught by poring over infectious old books, but is seldom troublesome to the lower ranks of people in the country ; and yet safe as my situation seemed to be, I have not been so fortunate as entirely to escape the contagion.

When a boy my inclinations seldom led me to play, or any of the more active exercises, but to incessant reading : books of all sorts, as they came in my way, were read, regardless of choice or order ; so that (having a good memory) my head became in a little time a confused magazine of plays, novels, histories, and I know not what. — My country neighbours, therefore, thought me a prodigious scholar ; nay,  
I be-



I believed so myself, until experience checked my vanity, and convinced me of the contrary. I had gained by miscellaneous reading, some little smattering of almost every science, without a complete knowledge of any.

From being so very much a reader, it soon followed that I longed to be a writer too: My first attempt was a kind of a rural newspaper, in which I gave an account of rumours of weddings, pregnant damsels, men beating their wives, and wives scolding their husbands; in short, whatever reports were at that time passing in the country. And it was, perhaps, that natural love of publishing common to all scribblers, which induced me to exhibit it among my companions, so that every one heard of it, to whom it was likely to give offence; my parents were on all hands complained to, and instead of a wreath of laurel upon my brows, I received

nothing but a twig of birch, upon that part where, Hudibras says, the seat of honor lies.

This cured me for a long time of all desire to become an author ; but that passion which is grounded in our nature is never entirely eradicated, and as my lazy habit has made me more of the spectator than actor in life, I have had leisure to make many REFLECTIONS on the conduct of others, which being formed chiefly among acquaintances of my own rank, may perhaps be peculiarly amusing and useful to them. This consideration, together with my natural love of authorship, has induced me to execute the following scheme.

Observing one of the lowermost panes of our village Innkeeper's parlour window to be broke out, (which I hereby command him upon no account to get repaired, but to keep it as at present only stopped up with a loose board) I  
shall

shall drop in this Exordium now, and a sheet of my speculations early every Saturday morning, to be perused by those who prefer amusement to intoxication—As my landlord's daughter is in the grocery and millinery line, I shall hope to have female readers too. For the benefit of correspondents, like my predecessors in town, I shall slip in a little thrift-box, which shall stand within reach of the broken pane, at the service of those who have a desire of contributing their observations.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

To the ill-natured Reader.

W Hereas in order to display vice and folly in more lively colours, it may be expedient to introduce certain ridiculous or wicked characters in my ensuing lucubrations; now this is to assure thee, that these shall be the sole offspring of

the author's own brain, and not intended for pictures, or representations of any of thy acquaintances, and if thou in the malice of thine heart appliest them to any such, thou, (and not the writer) art the author of the scandal.

Notwithstanding which, if thou meetest therein with any cap thou thinkest may fit thine own dear pate, take it, it is most heartily at thy service. But if thou findest thyself galled by the touch, remember, it is thou that appliest the satire; cease to be a rascal, or a coxcomb, and these characters are no longer thine.

N U M-



## NUMBER I.

## RURAL VIRTUE.

Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock, perhaps, or herd had led ;  
He who subdu'd the world, had been,  
But the best wrestler on the green.

WALLER.

TWO or three hours after having deposited my first paper in its destined place, with all that anxiety which an author feels for the reception of his works, I went to hear how it was received.

A gentleman from London had just perus'd it. " Well, (says he) if your  
" REFLECTOR could instruct his neigh-  
" bours in the proper management of  
" their farms, and teach their wives  
" how to make the most of their dairies,  
" he may be of some service to them ;  
" but if, (as I apprehend from the ac-

B 4

count

“count he has given of himself) morality and satire are his themes,”

Shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise.

“It is not possible here, (were his abilities much greater than they seem to be) for him to make any thing of them, for the town is the only place for variety of character; in the country you are all just the same; equally dull, and equally honest.”

But, with this good gentleman's leave, we are neither so dull, nor so honest as he may imagine. We have country agents to the nobility and gentry, who are as attentive to their own interests, and as negligent of their employers, as so many ministers of state. We have limbs of the law in almost every market town, who are as compleat harpies (so far as their claws can reach) as any to be found in the Inns of Court.

We

We have Clergymen who are as easy about spiritual affairs, and as anxious about temporal, as any of the dignified prelates of the Church. We have wives who have as little dread of committing their husbands as if they had lived all their days in the environs of St. James's, and husbands (when the gallant is able and willing to be a benefactor) who will sleep as apparently sound as the Roman Senator did when his wife was in the arms of Augustus Cæsar!—Nothing similar I suppose has been heard of among the honourables, or right honourables of latter days.

The truth of the matter is, human nature is every where the same; fit for the culture of virtue, but more apt to shoot up weeds of vice and folly; in every station there is an opportunity for the one, and a temptation to the other; and although in an obscure and humble state of life, the virtues and the vices

may not glare so much to the public eye, yet the heart will shew itself in its true light to the few who have the discernment and opportunity to perceive its workings.

Julius Cæsar (say the historians) had a strong athletic frame of body, but whether sufficiently so, to have made him (as Waller supposes) "the best wrestler on the green," I know not; yet can have little doubt but his aspiring genius would have led him some way or other to a pre-eminence. Had not the misfortunes of Charles the First opened a field for the ambition of Cromwell, he had only been known for a bold cunning fellow, and that but among a few of his acquaintance.

I have often amused myself by considering, what sort of a figure such an one would cut, had he been a Prince or a senator. In a Yeoman who has taken upon him, the conducting of Parochial affairs,



affairs, we may trace the address and management, the prudent regard to public and private interest, and (what is most of all necessary in an English Minister) *the patience of abuse and public dislike*, which would have made him (with proper opportunity of improvement) an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many at a vestry oppose measures merely because they have not the direction of them, and bear a striking resemblance to the conduct of patriots in Parliament.—I know a countryman who possesses the retentive memory,—the volubility of tongue,—the braßs front, and the latitude of conscience, to make him as excellent a Lawyer as ever flourished at the bar.—And could shew you a farmer's daughter, who if she had been bred up a fine lady, would have led the ton at court, in dress—aye and perhaps in gallantry too.

B 6

But.

But that my comparisons may not all seem invidious, I will (alas! it must be from antient history) give you an account of a truly noble and generous behaviour of a great man, and then see whether I cannot find a parallel amongst my honest neighbours.

Scipio Africanus the younger, being adopted by his uncle, succeeded to his large estate; he was to have paid his sisters their portions, at three different and distant periods, but discharged them immediately, making them many rich presents; he then gave up to his brother his right to half of his father's estate, that their possessions might be equal. These were truly heroic actions, and contribute more to the real honor of Scipio than the destruction of Carthage.

The father of T. R. dying intestate, he was by law intitled to his whole estate,

estate, which consisted of three copyhold tenements; he gave each of his two brothers one, with suitable portions to his sisters. Was not this plain countryman animated with the same generosity of heart, and fraternal tenderness to his family, as the so much and justly celebrated Scipio?

NUM.

## NUMBER II.

## L O V E.

Beauty, like Ice, our footing doth betray,  
Who can tread safe on that smooth slipp'ry way?

DRYDEN.

**A**MBITION, and many other of our passions, may lie under some restriction in an humble station, but love has as wide, if not a wider scope for displaying its fullest colours, in that, as in a more elevated rank of life.

What I mean by love, is that particular affection one sex entertains for the other, raising a desire for the most lasting, as well as the most delicate and tender connection. It is distinguished from friendship, by the jealous wish of solely engrossing the beloved object. It is distinguished from mere gallantry, by not even wishing a gratification



tification which is not consonant to the honor and happiness of the object beloved; by taking more pleasure in promoting the fond idea of giving delight, than enjoying it. It is a passion quite distinct. It is friendship warmed, softened and cemented by tenderness; it is desire corrected and refined by friendship.

Many people talk of love as if there was in reality a little blind Cupid flying about, and shooting his random arrows, to give the chance blow of a moment; but this is seldom the case, love is mostly a growing passion, which from small, nay often imperceptible beginnings, gains upon, and at last entirely engrosses every faculty of the soul. Whatever it be which induces two young people of different sexes to like each other, if it be only the mere love of romping, or the more refined pleasures of conversation, they  
will

will most surely find, "that friendship with woman, is kindred to love." Nay, often where there is scarce any choice or opportunity, the natural bias that the sexes have for each other, begins a correspondence which often ends in love.

Time passes away so agreeably, we feel such a sweet hilarity of spirits, yet such a pleasing languor in the company we at first but admire, that we are perpetually longing to renew the joy. In absence the mind grows languid, and (although this passion gives a more than ordinary softness to the manners) all other company grows insipid; we become careless and thoughtful, while involuntary sighs, betray the tender emotions of the soul. If the name of our beloved makes the heart palpitate, what are our feelings, when we see the object! It is thus we slide on in a sweet delirium, scarce  
conscious

conscious of our chains; but if any cross accident intervenes—the dread of a rival,—prohibition of a parent,—or the remonstrance of a friend, our passions break forth at once like an hurricane. Reason opposes it in vain; indeed the traitor often makes but a sham defence, it winds about, and about, until at length it fairly declares in favour of our love. Every lover almost, is precisely in the situation of Congreve's Mirabel, he considers the faults of his mistress until he thinks them all virtues; and continues happy in these sweet delusions, 'till "gripping marriage comes and ends them a'."

By this Paper I mean to warn young people of both sexes to be extremely careful how they enter into company, without reflecting (while yet their reason is unclouded by passion) whether the person they seem scarcely to prefer is such as would, or would  
not

not be suitable for an union of life; however little we may dream at first, this is no unlikely consequence: where opportunity is complaisant enough to allure, or perhaps necessity invite, to commence any thing like gallantry, is peculiarly dangerous: I never knew a young fellow begin any thing of the kind with a girl in the same house, but it ended either in a wedding, or—something worse.

I speak not thus, as being an enemy to virtuous love, on the contrary, when it is placed upon a proper object, and meets with a suitable return of affection, it must be looked on as, indeed, “the cordial drop” of life; the noblest, as well as sweetest passion of the soul. Only I would recommend it to young people, before they suffer this passion to gain such an ascendancy over them, as to bid defiance to the controul of reason,



reason, to canvas the following considerations impartially in their thoughts.

Whether there is a likelihood of obtaining the person they could love? For to indulge a passion where there is no hopes of a return, is surely the height of folly and madness, as it can only tend to embitter the cup of life with unavailing sorrow, and end it, perhaps, in ruined intellects, or a broken constitution.

Whether independant of personal beauty, and such lighter qualifications, as serve merely to please the fancy, the person they like possesses such solid virtues, and such a mildness of temper and manners, as will preserve their esteem and affection, when the grosser pleasures are cloyed by possession. It is for want of this consideration, that we but too frequently see those who have been united by the most warm and passionate love, making as unhappy

happy couples, as those who have been tied together by mercenary chains.

The last thing to be considered is, whether on their being united, there is a likelihood of being capable of maintaining themselves, and the probable offspring of their loves, in such a line of life as both can submit to, without the danger of future, and fruitless repinings.

If to all, or any of these, impartial reason gives a negative answer, the sooner they endeavour to conquer their passion the better; a little cold water may extinguish a kindling spark, but will only add fresh fury to a more established flame.

NUM-

## NUMBER III.

## AFFECTED LANGUAGE.

None are, for being what they are, in fault,  
But for not being what they would be thought.

CONGREVE.

AS there are some follies peculiar to the great, so are there some absurdities, to which those of a lower rank, and less liberal education are liable, exhibiting oddities of character, which we should search in vain for, in the higher class. Such an one is honest Will Flighty, who having neither had the advantage of learning, or polite company to refine his language, yet, being desirous of distinguishing himself from the vulgar, has not only caught up some polite phrases, but whenever he has happened to hear what he thinks a fine word, or met with such in books, (for he reads plays and romances,) he

is

is sure to introduce it into his discourse the first opportunity ; by which means he has formed such a mixture of fine and coarse in language, as is truly ridiculous.

Besides which, Will is not always very happy in the application of his fine words, one newly acquired (like the youngest child) is his favourite, and he is sure to introduce it on every occasion, whether it is proper or not. Once Will had heard or read of a fair one being called the Paragon of her sex, but this was too long a sentence for Will's memory, yet he must be playing off what he could of it upon the first milk-maid he encountered with, and called her a Hexagon. Betty could not comprehend the meaning of this supposed fine compliment, so applied to her master for an explanation, but was somewhat mortified to find she had been only called a six-sided thing.

Another



Another time Will was told of an elderly gentleman having been visiting a girl of whom he was enamoured. "He is (cries Will) quite superannuated with that wench." I suppose he meant Infatuated; but his friend only smiled, and replied, "why, yes, indeed she has made him an old doting fool a little before his time."

Although there may not be many so very ignorant as to make such gross blunders as these, yet certainly an easy unaffected method of expression, either in common discourse, or letter writing, is the most graceful and commendable. But I believe this affectation is much more frequent in writing than in conversation; for I have often been surprised to see nonsensical letters written by well discoursed persons, which I could impute to nothing else, but their thinking they should write in a style above what they usually conversed

versed in, and if in this attempt they were oppressed by diffidence they sunk into low, or if inflamed by vanity, flew into high bombastic nonsense. But in letters (whether familiar or on business) write just as you would speak to your correspondent were he present—follow but this rule, and you must be dull indeed, if you cannot write so as to answer every end of common letter writing.

An acquaintance of mine being appointed agent to a company of gentlemen in London; expressed some diffidence about managing a correspondence with them: “When I was a boy, (says one of the gentlemen) I held the candle while my father was shaved; who bid me hold it so that I could see the edge of the razor, and then I might be certain the barber would see it, thus Mr. T. (added the gentleman) do you  
write

write so as perfectly to understand it yourself, and then you need not fear but we shall do the same."

The passion of love, it must be confessed, naturally inspires us with ideas no language can fully express, and may be apt to produce a labouring after words adequate to the sensations it raises; it must be owned too, that the fair sex frequently prefer the showy to the solid; so that nonsense is perhaps more excuseable in love letters than in any thing besides.

## NUMBER VI.

## FALSE GLORY.

Oh ! sure the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,  
Our worst of evils is perverted shame.  
Faith, justice, heaven itself, now quit their hold,  
When to false fame the captiv'd heart is fold.

BROWN.

AS man was designed for a social being, in order to balance that blind self-love, which must otherwise have produced endless mischiefs to the community, Heaven has implanted in every breast an almost irresistible desire of the applause, and dread of the disapprobation of his fellow creatures. This passion is so naturally strong, that if it were not perverted by false notions



notions of glory and shame, there would scarce need any other law to restrain us from vice and folly; but unhappily that very passion, which was meant the friend and ally of virtue, is by the prevalence of that blind monster, *custom*, become its "deadliest foe." Many a young fellow who is a very Joseph in practice, would blush to acknowledge that he dreads the sin of gallantry. There are thousands who glory in that deceit, which they call *addresses*, but which in the language of truth should be translated knavery; and how many there are who give up every pretension to the character of a *good man*, for the name of a *good fellow*—and what is a *good fellow*?—Why a graceless young man, who is addicted to every vice, until by a debauchery and extravagance, which he does not really enjoy, he brings the "grey hairs" of his parents "with  
C 2                      sorrow

sorrow to the grave ;"—this is a *good fellow* ! Sometimes in visiting the hospitable mansion of a friend he corrupts the son, or debauches the daughter—and yet—he is a *good fellow* ! He perhaps marries, but to become fretful and penurious at home, and thoughtlessly profuse abroad, dissipates that which should support his family, returning but to insult and distress them ; yet he is generous over a bottle—and must be a *good fellow* ! At last his money falls short, and he would borrow of his friends, few will lend, and those few he forgets to pay ; till every one avoids him ; and he is no longer a welcome visitor even to mine hostess ; for then he is no longer a *good fellow* !!!—

Gripus goes in a thread-bare coat, as coarse as it is ragged, his diet is poor and scanty, he is as much fretted how to lay out the round hundred saved,

as

as many an honest man is to find the means of paying the necessary expences of his family; he suffers every inconvenience of actual penury, for the name of being rich. While on the other hand, Pompillus by keeping up an uneasy show of grandeur, is every day hastening into irretrievable poverty, lest the world should discover that he is poor a very little sooner.

Gibus is careless to whom he gives pain, or whom he makes his enemy, so fools laugh at, and admire his wit. The common butts of his, and every would-be-witty blockhead's raillery, are the Devil—the Priest—and the Fair Sex: as to the first, every one should know best how free he may safely make with his friend, and if in return to their gibes, the old gentleman

“ Grins horribly a ghastly smile,”

C 3

I have

I have nothing to say to it: but the sacred function of the clergy should, methinks, exempt them from wanton and general abuse.—And methinks that sex which bring us into the world, our painful nurses in our infancy and sickness, the most intimate companions of our lives, are not fit objects for senseless raillery.

Bonesus glories not in what comes out of his mouth, but in what it can take in; to swallow like a brewer's funnel is his boast; to stagger over the bacchanalian group, whilst all his companions are falling on his right and left, is the greatest triumph of his life. It would be injustice to say of our Bonesus, (as of his imperial name sake) "Behold not a man, but "a bottle," he should be held in little less esteem, than a not quite rotten half barrel; but he never must think to equal the glory of an hoghead.

Libidnio,



Libidnio, by hints and whispers, scandalizes every young woman who is so foolish as to keep his company ; to gain the glorious title of “ The happy man of gallantry ;” yet there are some sagacious people who think his father’s ram more than equals him in this sort of triumph ; only old Beardy is not his own trumpeter.

Such absurd notions of shame and glory there are in different breasts, that Conubus, lest he should be laughed at as a fond doting husband, behaves with affected petulance to the lovely and sensible wife his heart cannot but approve ; as if a generous tenderness to her, who has abjured all his sex for him, was not true gallantry and manliness of spirit : and Profanio, for the glory of being thought above vulgar prejudice, ridicules every thing sacred, although (like his old mas-

ter) in his heart he believes "and trembles."

To be regardless of the good or bad opinion of our fellow creatures, must shew either a reprobate determination to vice, or a morose pride, which can never enter into the breast of a good man: he who avoids not the appearance of evil, although he doth not commit the fact, yet is not free from guilt; for one great mischief of the crime is, that the bad example has its full force. Where public opinion runs parallel with the line of rectitude, we should let it strengthen us in virtue; in matters of indifference we may allow it the force of a law, but where it runs counter to reason and religion, we should say (and resolve) with Lord Townly, (in the Provoked Husband) "The law of custom, "is the law of fools; but it shall "never govern me." And let you  
and

and I, gentle reader, never be ashamed  
of that in which we ought to glory,  
or glory in that of which we ought to  
be ashamed.

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NUM-

## NUMBER V.

## M A L E - J I L T I N G.

Trust not a man, we are all by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant:  
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him,  
But if he swears, he'll certainly decieve thee.

OTWAY.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

**T**H E R E are a set of idle young fellows in the country, who take a pleasure in going about, as it were, cheapening one's goods, without seeming (by their behaviour at least) to have had any real design of being purchasers; for no sooner are we likely to close with them,



them, than they slip off, and we see no more of our chap. If these fellows see us bargaining with one seemingly in earnest, they will pop in purposely to disappoint the other; some of these coxcombs not scrupling to boast how many matches they have broke off; making it their pride and pleasure, without ever reflecting on the injury done to us, who deal in what is perishable, and if not disposed of when in bloom, generally lies useless upon our hands.

Now let me ask, do not such men act a ridiculous, mean and villainous part? and if it be, in what is of much greater consequence to the happiness of life, than any goods of fortune, even our hands, our hearts, our persons, does it not greatly enhance their guilt? As I have been deceived into the thirtieth year of my virginity by such rascals, I think.

think I may very properly subscribe myself, your ill used,

Humble Servant,

DIANA DUPE.

The complaint of my correspondent is certainly very well founded, and her representation of it very just; does it lessen his guilt, that the delinquent imposes upon one to whom he professes the greatest kindness, one who has a real affection for him, and firm reliance on his honor? or does it lessen his crime, that he is no gainer by his perfidy, but that he plunges a kind unsuspecting creature into all the misery of disappointed love, without any rational satisfaction to himself?

And yet it is but too customary for a young man to form a connection of seeming love and courtship with some agreeable girl, without the least intention

tion of any thing ferious ; and while he keeps clear of direct promises of marriage, imagines he may at any time drop her without deserving the imputation of guilt ; although he has made use of every insinuation, of long and incessant attentions, to make her think she was the only object of his affection.

It is so natural for a man to love, that every one knows how to act it to the life ; and what we wish we are easily persuaded to believe ; what wonder then if the kind hearted maiden gives up her affections to one she fondly believes is seeking the most tender and lasting union with her ; unsuspecting innocence, generous gratitude (the most noble and virtuous passions of the soul) help to lead her into the snare ; nay perhaps the very dubiousness of his conduct, by agitating her soft bosom with mingled hopes and fears, help to accelerate his conquest. And then the poor deluded  
damself

damself finds herself miserably disappointed; although used with the greatest perfidy, she is deprived of the first consolation of grief, the liberty of complaining; for the world is so absurdly unjust, that instead of pitying, it will laugh at her, and undervalue the poor wretch for having been deceived; she must not tell her love,

“ But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
“ Prey on her damask cheek.”

Brooding melancholy, perhaps, breaks her constitution, or disorders her intellects; perhaps in grief and despair she throws herself into the arms of one she despises, and is for life miserable: a wife, without affection, or (though naturally kind and sincere) irritated by having been the dupe of deceit, she becomes distrustful, incapable of generous love, an artful and unfeeling jilt.

Yet



Yet I mean not to recommend it to any man, that he should entirely neglect the company of the fair sex, until he thinks of marrying, or that he should totally neglect all others except her he seeks for his wife. The company of virtuous and accomplished women, gives a polish to the manners, a liveliness to the spirits, and a delicate distaste to lewdness and vice; "we should be brutes without them." But no one should put on the appearance of a particular attachment, without serious, and honorable intentions.

Neither should it be insinuated, that if a man once commences the wooer, he binds himself in honor to persevere in his suit, until he has either gained her hand, or is convinced it is not in his power to win her, with whatever ill usage he may meet; or whatever discovery of the demerits of his mistress a more intimate acquaintance may furnish

nish him with. The sweet creatures must be allowed their little flouncings, their bridlings, and tossings of the head; but yet they should consider a man of any spirit will neither be their slave before, nor their tyrant after marriage. And then certainly an union which may likely confine a man for life, should not be entered into without some consideration; he may see sufficient reason for disapproving of a woman when intimately acquainted, who, when viewed more at a distance, appeared every way amiable. But then it should not be every slight failing, every little foible to which her tender sex are liable, that should make him abandon her: nor (however much wealth may be allowed to influence him in beginning a suit) ought the want of it to excuse a man's abandoning his mistress, unless he has been purposely and artfully deceived? He  
who

who is so prudently foolish as to prefer wealth to happiness, has my free consent to choose where he pleases ; but I cannot allow him to practise deceit, or make a jest of an amiable young woman, only because she has the misfortune to be poor.

But if just reasons, or cruel necessity, compels a man to abandon his mistress, he should certainly do it with the greatest delicacy, so that it may as little as possible hurt the young woman's reputation, or her peace of mind. He should not only (as much as he can) give her the honor of refusal in the eye of the world, but if in his power, (and a little manœuvring may sometimes do it) leave her to imagine, he himself knew not that he could have succeeded ; for a man's knowing a woman's affections in his favour, is the greatest mortification to her ; to have the honor of refusing by gratify-

gratifying her vanity, will make her  
some slight amends for the loss of a  
lover. But chiefly observe this, if your  
intimacy with her has made you ac-  
quainted with any secret failing, care-  
fully conceal it ; never boast of any  
favour, yet always speak of her with  
kindness and respect.

NUM-



## NUMBER VI.

## GALLANTRY REWARDED.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover,  
Prithee why so pale?  
Will (when looking well can't move her)  
Looking ill prevail?

SUCKLING.

“WOMEN, (says a sententious friend of mine) “as naturally  
“like impudence in men, as men love  
“modesty in women: the fair sex,  
“however, act the more wisely of the  
“two; they cherish and reward that  
“impudence they love; but man,  
“foolish man! is ever labouring to  
“destroy that modesty which he ad-  
“mires.” It is certain, nothing can  
be more prejudicial to a man in his  
addresses to the fair sex, than a  
sheepish bashfulness of behaviour:

For

For woman born to be controul'd,  
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

But there are certain extraneous powers which some men have the happiness to possess, sufficient to make amends for all other defects: gold, lands, and tenements, give such graces to the owner's person, such an elegance to his manners, that they supply the want of every genteel accomplishment, and make him at once so complete an adept in the art of courtship, that nothing can possibly come in competition with him, unless it be—the virtues of a libertine, or—the graces of a coxcomb.

Think not, you wild rakes, long to enjoy your liberty; nor ye ruiners of virgins to escape with impunity, when so many bright eyes are seeking to enthrall ye!—"Is there not, my pretty dears, something in the sweet dangerous man more bewitchingly charming?"

And

And then to see — “ the man whom others fight for, fight for me ! — Is not that delicious ? ” — For, as the Indian thinks he has gained the honour of so many victories, as he who is slain by him in battle has killed men, so do women imagine their triumph of chastity is the greater, as he they lead captive to church, has oftener triumphed over the innocence of others. Is it that they think their own purity never established, until they have undergone a fiery ordeal ? And to let us see they can walk safe among red-hot ploughshares ? Nay rather, it is kindness to the rest of their sex : they wish to secure the dear deluding man from doing further mischief ; sure it is for this generous purpose, you lovely heroines ! — Although you see virtue falling at his touch, and reputations dying on his tongue, you fearless meet the danger ; for this, you charming martyrs, you  
suffer

suffer worse than death ; you become the comfortless neglected wives of libertines !

But pray what is the fluttering coxcomb's charms ? Do not you see how passionate an admirer the poor man is of his own dear self ; and how can you, ye hard-hearted damsels, think of being his rivals ? Why so very ambitious of the second place in his affections ? When I can assure you, my dear girls, that one who is so very much in love with himself, will never be very much in love with you. But then he is so sweet a fellow, so carelessly gay in his dress, so affectedly easy in his gait, so archly thoughtless in his grin, so softly impudent in his address ;

“ Then he will talk, ye gods, how he will talk ! ”

Ye fair terrestrial nymphs, ye celestial votaries, say what delights your ears ?

Is



Is it that small, very small talk, so free from the burthen of sense or meaning? Or is it scandal, is it some slight reflection on a fair neighbour's person or behaviour, that make your bright eyes sparkle with delight, when lies and vows, and flattery fails to please you?

Nothing is so prejudicial to a man in courtship, as his being too fond a lover; for he who behaves with graceful ease, is gay, facetious, and agreeable in the company of other women, appears dull and stupid to her he loves. There is an awe hangs upon him, and deadens his spirits; his air and manner is confused; he would speak, but says nothing; his words falter on his tongue; he is a mere thermometer to his mistress; his spirits rise and fall just as she smiles or frowns. He is an insipid creature, and therefore unfit to banish spleen; so that she flies to the gay thoughtless coxcomb

coxcomb for relief; who, wanting sense to be the fool of love, appears to her by far the cleverer fellow.

Then if you warmly love, conceal your fondness; be not too forward with an open declaration; let her rather expect than be certain, it will rouse her feelings, and enable you to compleat an half-made conquest. When she is kind, pursue her with every fond regard; when she is cold, be you careless: never let her find she can distress you, lest the lovely tyrant full often use her power; nay if you see she takes a particular delight in plaguing you, your hopes need not be worse. Never put too grave a face upon the matter; they like to be bubbled into a connection the most serious. Never regard the pretty fibbing tongue, but mark the honest-speaking eyes; if they kindly glance, whatever she may say, despair not. If you can  
read

read nothing even there, but cold disgust, thou must even comfort thyself with the old song,

“ If she will not do,

“ There are lassies enow.”

Apply yourself to the next pretty girl which falls in your way, and ten to one she is not so cruel.

But she alone can charm your fancy. What is there, then, in this nonpareil so particularly infatuating?—Imprimis, a pair of bright eyes—which when she is in a pouting fit, will paint ill-nature in her face more speakingly disagreeable: item, the roses of her cheek—perhaps the gaudy covering of a crabbed thorn: item, her pretty pouting lips—and yet, perhaps, that pretty mouth can scold. But then the beauties of her mind, her good sense, and the virtues of her heart—why these I

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D

OWN

own are some considerations for which a sensible man may regret his not having been able to please a truly worthy woman ; but because such a woman can find one she thinks more deserving than you, ought you to make yourself unhappy ? Her virtues entitle her to your esteem, her civility to your good wishes, but *love only* has a claim to *love* ; where that passion meets not with a mutual return it ought, it must be conquered. Yet the truly generous mind which has once loved, will ever retain a peculiar friendship for the object.

“ Mourn when she mourns and smile when she is gay.”

But if thy happier stars, (I mean the nymph's bright eyes) yield better omens ; if when thou holdest her hand in gentle pressure, and eyeest her with looks confusedly importunate, as mean-  
ing



ing to speak out the purpose of thy soul, she stands with down cast eyes, yet softly stealing forth the trembling glance, while the glowing blush now flushes over her lovely face, now vanishes and leaves a languid paleness ; then whisper out thy tender wishes. She will still, perhaps, be coy ; yet although half repulsed, do not despair, but with soft assurances, and fervent vows, urge the shy secret from her smarting breast, until the soft confession falters on her tongue.

Then, pleased with thy conscious triumph in her heart, let no babbling boast, or foolish public freedom, betray it to the world ; nor do thou ever return her love and confidence with coldness and neglect. Nor prematurely seek to crop the yet forbidden fruit ; so shall new fledged desire,

D 2

soft

soft blooming innocence, and unsuspected honor, swell the full rapture of the bridal bed, and promise solid happiness for future days.

NUM-

## NUMBER VII.

## GHOSTS AND WITCHES.

What there's in spells, or if there witches be,  
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

## To the REFLECTOR.

S I R,

**B**EING at a neighbour's house last evening, in company with several young people, our discourse happened to turn on ghosts, witches, and spirits, until we were all sufficiently frightened, except one young fellow, who did nothing but sneer at our discourse; of which, when we asked the reason, he could only tell us, in a blunt, un-

D 3

mannerly

mannerly way, "that none except ignorant fools and blockheads believed any such things," without giving a better reason for his unbelief, than we could for our faith. Now, Sir, your opinion on these matters would oblige all the company, as well as your humble servant,

PETER PLAINSENSE.

I must confess my correspondent and his friends, had some reason to be offended at the behaviour of their companion; it shewed much of overbearing pride, and to me it is a full proof of his ignorance; little minds, which have got some small matter, but think they have acquired a vast fund of knowledge, are often dogmatically positive in their opinions, in proportion as they are ignorant of the reasons on which they are founded.

For



For my part, I have little faith either in ghosts or witches; yet (merely because they do not coincide with our general notions) to contradict stories which people pretend to have had, either from their own perception, or from the relations of those they most incline to credit, whose memories they have a just and natural veneration for, will rather serve to offend, than convince. I shall, therefore, see if I cannot cure honest people of their superstitious fears, without making either fools or liars of their grandmothers.

Mr. Locke justly remarks, that if an ignorant old woman has infused into a man's head (during his childhood) ideas of ghosts or spirits, he will ever after be ready to start at his own shadow: and how powerful a painter the imagination is, we all of us know; in dreams, we see, we hear, we feel, and yet all this is merely imaginary.

Can it then be any way strange, if the sudden qualms of a mind filled with superstitious fears, perhaps agitated with all the horrors of a guilty conscience, should present to itself a dreadful supernatural appearance? And then if such a story once get wind, a like superstitious dread will make others imagine they see or hear something of the same kind, in the same place. Such is the origin of all stories concerning places being haunted by spirits.

Even in the case of the spirit which the witch of Endor raised for Saul, I do not see there is occasion to suppose that the soul of the departed servant of the Lord, should be under the diabolical influence of the imps of hell, so as to prevent the vision, and give the answer to Saul; it was only necessary for the infernal power to work upon the distempered imagination of him  
who,

who, having lost his confidence in God, was given up to its baleful influence.

What power imaginary fear may have over our waking senses, I can instance from my own experience. I was late one evening (when a boy) in a lone room, when a person disordered in his senses came in. Although much terrified at his appearance, I had heart enough to hide my fears, and to decoy him to where some men were at work; then I returned and locked myself in in my apartment, but durst not keep my eyes off the door, for fear he should come back and attempt to break in. My fears made me fancy I heard him come, I clapped my shoulder against the door to keep him out.—I thought I felt him thrust against it; the lock and the hinges seemed every moment to give way—in this condition I stood (like a bold fellow) sweating, trembling, and thrusting for

D 5

several

several minutes, when hearing the chearful voice of one of the workmen coming to the door, I opened it, and found there had been none there before him. Now might not the same degree of fear, if of that kind, have made me fancy I had seen a spirit?

As to witchcraft,—We are told by the fathers of the church that the oracles ceased to answer the interrogatories of their heathen votaries on the promulgation of the gospel; now if these oracles were (as the fathers supposed) under the direction of devils, with them all sorts of forcery must have ceased. But whether this was the case, or they were only the tricks of pagan priesthood, all stories we have of modern witchcraft, are too absurd to deserve the least credit. Can we believe that wretches who have given themselves up to the direction of such a malignant being as we suppose Satan is, would amuse



amuse themselves with such harmless fooleries as riding on a broom in the air, swimming through the sea in an eggshell, leading a pack of hounds a wild chase in the shape of an hare, or even the rendering abortive the mechanical operations of a good woman's churn. There are physical reasons enough, why a child may lose its health and pine away, without imputing it to forcery. It is repugnant both to natural reason and to revelation to believe the devil can have any power over our bodies ; it is on our passions, our lusts and appetites that he plays his witchcraft and while we can keep these in due subjection we need not fear all the machinations of hell.

Equally absurd, and repugnant both to truth and reason, are all stories of conjurers, wisemen (as they are called) fortune-tellers, and such like. If superstition in some cases makes Satan too powerful

powerful, in others it supposes him too weak. Can we believe, that he who made war in heaven, may be imprisoned in a circle, or lie under the controul of a conjurer's wand? There can be no magical mystery in figures; learning may strengthen the hands of the artist by teaching the use of mechanical powers; it may direct the fires of the chemist, so as to vary the forms and proportions of matter, but has of itself no corporeal much less supernatural force. Learning may teach us to calculate the periods of planetary motion, it may teach us to discover the general influence of the heavens on this our globe; but can never teach us to read any thing concerning the fate of the inhabitants upon its surface. Equally absurd is every other pretence of fortune telling; for how can the turning of a riddle, or the drawing of a card, foretel the hidden ways of Providence; or how can a  
person

person who has neither tongue to enquire, or ears to hear, gain greater knowledge, than those who have every faculty for acquiring information.

But after all, I am like to fail in convincing the ignorant, while the more enlightened will laugh at me, for writing so seriously upon so trite a subject. My correspondent may assure himself that while he keeps his mind free from superstitious fears he will never be haunted by spirits: the best way to secure good fortune is to be prudent and honest: and as for witches, although they used to be sought for among the old and wrinkled, they are now to be found only among the young and beautiful part of the female sex, at least I never perceived myself in the least danger of being bewitched by old women, but have often found a very powerful forcery in the fascinating eyes of their daughters.

NUM-

## NUMBER VIII.

## LITERARY PURSUITS.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking largely sobers us again.

POPE.

**I**N my last paper I remarked, that people were generally positive in their opinions, when their minds were naturally little, and their acquired knowledge small.

A few rules drawn from common sense, might enable such of us as have been led by natural inclination to take a "shallow draught," and have not had opportunity to "drink deep" of this



this "Pierian spring," to avoid that intoxication which is indeed too frequently the consequence of it. The two great dangers attending people in the lower ranks of life giving way to a literary inclination is, that it may occasion them to be pedantic in conversation, as they have not leisure to digest their reading well; and that it may take their attention from, and make them negligent in their proper employments, by engrossing too much of their time and thoughts.

Talking much of what we have read, (as Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, remarks) is just such a proof of learning as vomiting is of eating; being at once disagreeable, and shewing a want of digestion. It is Mr. Addison's advice even to those who are eminent in any science, to be cautious of talking too much of it; as they may happen in the heat of discourse to make mistakes,

takes, and thereby lessen that credit, which by a prudent reserve they might secure, or even enhance: how much more then ought we to be careful not to speak too much of that of which we have but a smattering. To discourse of nothing but books and literary subjects to those who are ignorant of, or have no taste for them, is full as absurd as for a rustic to deafen a polite company with a history of cow-pens and hog-styes. He must be very conceited, or very dull, who cannot join (by way of enquiry at least) in any ordinary conversation which may suit the circle he happens to be in. And even when we meet with those of the same taste with ourselves, we should be cautious and modest in our discourse; rather seeking to gain information, than to set our own opinions in opposition to those of others; or we shall, instead of getting that applause our little knowledge might

might have gained us, be despised for thinking we know more than we really do; it being the nature of vanity to rob those in whose breasts it reigns, of the merit of those good qualities, which might otherwise have gained them the approbation of the world.

With regard to the second apprehended danger, thus far must be certain, every human capacity is finite; and if we give our whole attention to this, or any one object, every thing besides must of course be neglected; but it is to the full as great a certainty, that the mind, no more than the body, can be confined constantly to business; for, like a bow continually bent, it must lose its force and elasticity.

If we take these cautions along with us, instead of being prejudicial, a literary inclination may be serviceable to  
every

every rank of life, as contributing to happiness, to improve the understanding, and mend the heart. A man of learning, (it is true) may be a fool or a libertine, but I am certain his being so, is no way owing to his literary turn, but rather the contrary; it is in the field of pleasure that he loses those generous principles, which he must have imbibed from education.

Yet I have heard it asserted, that such a part of the people as are destined to labour, should be kept in ignorance; because learning, by making them acquainted with a better state of life, would make them discontented with their humble and toilsome situation. Lewd or immoral books are certainly pernicious to any reader; but how any branch of science can have any bad effect, I know not: it cannot be that religion or moral philosophy can conduce to wretchedness, for they teach  
humility,



humility, and tell us how equally in every station mankind may be happy : it cannot be but natural philosophy must destroy the little distinctions of human grandeur, in contemplations of the boundless works of the great Creator : it cannot be but history must teach us how much more freedom, independence, and plenty, a peasant, a labourer enjoys at this day in Britain, than in any other nation which either does, or ever did exist in the world.

However, the vicious mind may draw fresh incentives to wickedness from the most naturally innocent source, believe me (my honest neighbours) he makes a very false, nay a very bad application of his reading, when it contributes not to make him more wise, and more virtuous ; and it is certainly the greatest proof  
of

of both to be contented with our condition, and "diligently endeavour  
"to do our duty in that state of life  
"unto which it shall please God to  
"call us."

NUM-

N U M B E R IX.

STUDY RECOMMENDED.

Reading such books will raise a peasant's mind  
Above a lord's, who is not thus inclin'd.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

To the REFLECTOR.

SIR,

I LIKE your paper about reading and  
all that: and I have a lad of twelve  
years old who is always reading when  
he has time from driving the plough; he  
is indeed a prodigious lad, he can tell  
all about Jack the merry piper, and  
that great champion Jack the giant-kill-  
ler

ler off by heart. I have lately bought him two fine bound books called the Seven Champions, and the Seven Wife Masters ; and now I hear the bookseller in our next market town lets out books to read at three halfpence a piece, and Georgy would fain have some of them, so would be very much obliged to you for telling me what sort of books to get him, for no man knows less of these things, than

HODGE HONESTY.

I shall certainly be very ready to give my friend Hodge the best advice, so (along with this paper) shall leave him our bookseller's catalogue, with such books marked as I think may best suit his son, and give as this week's lucubration some general remarks on what sort of reading is most proper for persons in the lower ranks of life, who have not the opportunity of a compleat regular



regular education. With some deference I would affirm, that such boys as are not intended for compleat Latin scholars, might make better use of the little time they have to spare (after learning to write and cast up accounts) than to employ it in conning over and getting by heart a jargon of basely articulate sounds, they do not, nor ever are to understand the meaning of, so that when taken from school and set to business, they fairly lose in two months all they have been learning in so many years; whereas if they had been taught the grammatic rules and idioms of their mother tongue, and then been set to read the best English authors, they might not only have learned to speak and write as correctly, but have laid in such a fund of knowledge as might have been both useful and ornamental to them through the whole of their lives.

In

In speaking of what sort of books I would advise the reading of, nothing shall be said of such studies as may suit persons in particular employments, in different branches of the mathematics, for mechanics, seamen, &c. every one should certainly improve himself in any science which may add to his professional abilities in preference to every other. Neither will I say much of that study which every one certainly knows to be the general duty of all; but only advise the seeking for religious knowledge in its pure, untainted source, the holy scriptures, avoiding the mists raised by polemical writers: nor should other religious books be neglected, which tend to warm devotion and an improvement of morals, not bewildering the mind in theological disputes. But (particularly) I would recommend the not reading any book which can have the least tendency to weaken our religious

ous

ous faith; for although such are I believe in very little danger of leading real learning and sound judgment astray, yet they may hurt the weaker and more ignorant.

There are no books I would have earlier read than the Spectators, Ramblers, and other miscellaneous essays of that kind, as they are an agreeable introduction to every sort of taste and literature. Geography and history are necessary studies, as without some little knowledge of these, we cannot know any thing of the world. A smattering of the other sciences, and some acquaintance with the poets, novelists and writers in the field of fancy will be at once amusing, and give an elegance to our thoughts and conversation: yet I would have young people beware of stuffing their heads too much with romances, from which they can acquire no real knowledge, but which often tend to

corrupt the morals and mislead the heart.

But no study will raise our ideas of the Almighty so much as natural history : there is this great difference between his works and those of man, that what in the latter seems most great and surprising, when we come to look into the manner of its formation, our admiration is lessened ; but the more minutely we observe the works of Omnipotence, the more astonishing they appear. If we consider the vast orbits round which the planets perform their revolutions with a mathematical exactness ; and the number and distance of the fixed stars, every one of which may perhaps be a sun surrounded with planetary worlds ; and then examine the minuter marks of his wisdom, in the well-adapted parts of the smallest insect ; how must we be astonished at the boundless extent, variety and wisdom of his works !

But



But we need go no further than our own persons for marks of his power and wisdom: the supporting bones which give form and strength to the body; the cord-like tendons and swelling muscles, which move the limbs in obedience to the will; the digestive stomach, which dissolves the aliments to replenish the blood with milky chyle; the glands which separate the different humours; the pulsitive heart which circulates the repairing blood through every part of our wasting frame: can such considerations as these, fail to raise our reverence for him, in whose hands we are "but as a piece of potter's clay."

## NUMBER X.

## FLIRTILLA.

One lover to another still succeeds,  
Another, and another after that,  
And the last fool is welcome as the former.

ROWE.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

AS I am one of your country youths  
of wit and pleasure, who never  
miss any rural assembly of the young  
and gay, it gives me frequent cause  
of regret, to see those pretty damsels,  
who most enliven these scenes, so early  
in

in life caught in the matrimonial trap. Among the great, where marriage rather gives a wider latitude to pleasure and gallantry than restrains it, wedlock may be desirable; but with us rustics, who have not yet arrived at that degree of refinement, it is downright burying a sprightly young girl alive, to confine her to the dull caresses of a sober husband, and the nursing of squalling brats; it is making her answer no other end in life, but that for which she was made. Now, Sir, if you could teach our pretty girls how to escape those hymeneal shackles, you would do a great kindness to them, and oblige your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID DANCEABOUT.

In order to satisfy my friend David, I must recommend to my fair pupils, as a pattern, the conduct of an animal,

E 3

which

which (as we are told in the fable) being hunted, on account of a certain part about it valuable in medicine, bit it off, and thus escaped the danger of a further pursuit. So let us consider what qualities it is in our fair female game, which makes them seem most tempting to those keen poachers, the wife seekers; these we shall consider in this order, *portion, personal beauty, and virtuous reputation*; and then endeavour to teach them how to make the first look as little as possible, to render the second, instead of endangering their celibacy, the very means of preserving it, and then show them how to get fairly clear of the last, without either the sin, or the pleasure of breaking a commandment.

We need but enquire, what it is which procures women (emphatically) the name of *a fortune*; if his grace gives Lady Margaret only a couple of thousands,



fands, it is thought but a poor portion; but if honest Roger (his tenant) gives his plain Peggy a couple of hundreds, her's will be accounted a good one: the fame of a female's portion depends entirely upon a comparifon of it with her rank in life; and all a young woman has to do, is in drefs and fhew to fet herfelf above her level, and malice will whifper in every circle, "fhe is not what fhe feems to be!"—

Budding beauty naturally procures followers, and all the fair-one has to do, is to encourage every one who defires it to dangle after her, and fhe will quickly find, that no man will fet any great value on what every one can obtain.

This will likewise be the means to eafe her of reputation, and in order to facilitate this, I would advife her not to be too regular in her hours; and

if there is any young fellow, who has the name of being very kind to girls in private, she should keep much of his company, and seem very gracious to him. But mark the conduct of the sage Flirtilla, who, although possessed of every accomplishment to please the eye, or gain the heart of man, has seen every homelier neighbour, of her age, led captive from the church to bed; while she, although from fifteen up to forty, continually followed by a train of seeming lovers, has so dexterously contrived, as very seldom to be put to the trouble of giving a refusal.

Flirtilla was the only daughter of a substantial yeoman, who left her to the care of a more kind than prudent mother, before she was quite fifteen. Her wit and beauty, and (perhaps more) her portion, drew the attention of all the young fellows in her neighbourhood, so that she had crowds of  
lovers,

lovers, and although the good old woman advised her daughter not to marry until a better match offered, yet she was almost as proud as the girl herself, of the seeming triumph of her charms. Thus encouraged in her coquetry, she gave almost equal countenance to every one; and in order to enhance her triumphs, dressed with the greatest gaiety, was the first to catch every new fashion, and never missed any public opportunity of showing herself: wherever "the light heeled" dancers beat the ground," there was the Fidler and Flirtilla. She was the first at every public place, except the church, which although she seldom missed, she always took care to come in with the last, to catch the more admirers, as she tripped along the aisle.

Thus Flirtilla became a kind of bow of Ulysses, on which every gay young

E 5

fellow

fellow tried his skill in courtship and gallantry; yet although young women of her light and airy character have the most followers, they have generally the fewest real offers of marriage; the very men who dangle after them most eagerly, will often apply to another sort of women when they wish for a serious connection. Her habitual coquetry, her giddiness and fickle temper, the vanity of her numerous followers, and the malice of her more neglected neighbours, conspired to ruin her reputation, and soon disgusted every man who might have been a real lover, except one, whose affection (more obstinate than common) had well nigh won the prize.

This youth had so far prevailed, as to have leave to consult his friends, previous to his speaking to her mother, and anxious was she to have it finally determined, yet when he came eager

to



to give her the most pleasing intelligence, she was engaged tête à tête with another—whom she had only seen twice before; and I must leave it to my young female readers to determine, whether it was the sweet pleasure of coqueting with the stranger, or the more dear delight of tormenting one whom she knew really loved her, which made her refuse when sent for to come to him.

One unversed in the anatomy of a giddy female mind, might think she liked this new lover, or loved not the old one; but it was no such thing. The lady (in the fable) who had been changed from a cat into a bride, might like her man well enough, yet when she heard the mouse behind the arras, could not help leaping from his arms to catch it: now coqueting was as natural to Flirtilla, as mousing was to

Æsop's lady, and she could no more resist it. So when he had waited two or three hours in vain, the youth went away, leaving the following card for his mistress.

“The woman whose heart is incapable of a steady and generous attachment, although she may be followed by one set of men to pass away time; and by another sort, who want to take advantage of some favorable turn of her whirligig passions, to gratify their temporary desires; yet she will scarce be able to fix any one's affections so deeply as to gain him for a husband.”——

His prediction has proved true; still with all the affected levity of a girl of nineteen, with nothing old fashioned about her, except her face, this discontented ghost of departed beauty haunts

haunts every public place, and for those  
neglects, she now too frequently meets  
with, is as angry

“ As ancient maidens when refus’d a kifs.”

NUM-

## NUMBER XII.

## FEMALE PRUDENCE.

—————For men of sense,  
Your brightest charms are native innocence.  
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,  
Fright him that's worth your love from your  
    embrace.  
In simple manners the whole secret lies,  
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.

YOUNG.

WOMEN in affairs of love may  
    be compared to spiders, who  
spread their flimsy webs about them,  
and sit watching in the middle, while  
the giddy flies are buzzing round,  
until they see one entangled in their  
    net,



net, then they secure their prey ; or rather, they are like angler's flies, that skip or glide along the stream, the fish pursues the glittering bait, which seems to fly their fond pursuit, until one of them catches it, and finds a hook fast in his throat. I think, indeed, very kindly of the pretty creatures, believe them all generous and sincere, until having experienced the deceitfulness of our sex, they imagine themselves bound in Prudence, to

“Wear armour in a land of Hectors ;”

so learn to practise those arts upon us, which otherwise they never would have thought of.

Although the fair sex should not too soon give credit to the flattering insinuations, or even promises of men, but keep their own sentiments carefully to themselves, until they are fully convinced

vinced of a lover's sincerity; yet except negative ones, all other arts will rather disgust than gain a man of common penetration. But observe the different conduct of Artimisia and Prudentia, and which ever of their methods my fair readers most approve, let them endeavour to imitate.

Artimisia is the daughter of an honest and industrious farmer, one who always thought his affairs happily situated,

“ When one year paid another's rent.”

She promised from infancy a lively wit, a beautiful person, and a graceful air, which raised ambitious thoughts in her fond parents; so that (although frugal in every thing besides) they were profuse, both in her education, and in dressing her out, when they thought her fit for the market, hoping (as they

they did not scruple to tell her) she would get some rich man for her husband.

Her gay appearance, with her wit and beauty, drew her more and genteler followers than any of her neighbours could boast of; but although many such will be willing to toy away vacant hours with an agreeable showy girl, yet few are to be caught by those who are much their inferiors in point of rank or opulence. Indeed there cannot be a more dangerous idea infused into the breast of a young woman, than that she is to make her fortune by marriage. No gamester plays against such great odds as a female fortune hunter; her chance of winning is but very small, and if she plays a saving game to her virtue, her reputation almost always goes to pay the reckoning. I believe the less young women are busied in a preparation for wedlock, the more likely

likely they are to succeed in it; men are vain creatures, and fain would think the fair one yields with some reluctance; but she whose eye is always on the watch to find a chap, can scarce conceal her secret wishes, and thus it was with Artimisia: she was too anxious to bring her great object (marrying well) to bear, not to shew so much of art as to disgust her lovers; besides, she could never think of wanting the security of two strings to a bow, which in love affairs mostly ends in losing both.

Artimisia's lovers, after following her a while, still dropped off, which she bore with great philosophy, while she had but a new one to supply the place: but could not entertain such a variety of company, without some slur being cast (perhaps unjustly) upon her character; which, with her vanity, and being thought too much of the  
fine



fine lady, prevented such as were her equals from seeking her hand, So that (much contrary to her inclination) she is, and I doubt must continue, upon the list of antiquated maidens.

Prudentia, in point of circumstance, was in a similar condition with Artimisia, but had neither her flow of wit, or gracefulness of person; yet although not so much followed, or admired, met with much more general esteem. She was rather in her face and person agreeable, than either beautiful or genteel; but she had a modest sweetness of countenance, mixed with an easy dignity of air, which while it excited kindness, commanded respect. Although she had no such showy followers as Artimisia, almost every young man of her own rank who knew her, looked upon her as one perfectly fitted to make a man happy: and while she behaved with such general sweetness,

ness, as to keep quite free from the imputation of pride ; there was something of a modest dignity in her, that every one durst not approach her with the language of love.

To those who paid their addresses to Prudentia, she behaved with an easy distant freedom, until she believed them in earnest, and then assumed no scornful airs, but gave them an opportunity to speak their minds, told them her sentiments freely, but in so polite and friendly a way, that no lover she rejected could be offended, but was ever after her friend and admirer. By this means, as her love affairs were seldom of long continuance, few knew that she had more real offers of marriage than any young woman of her neighbourhood.

But yet the wise and virtuous conduct of Prudentia could not guard her from the misfortune of disappointments,

pointments, or from experiencing the perfidy of man! The young, the gay, and rich Florimus, cast his eyes upon her; she avoided his addresses, as knowing the company of young men of superior rank or fortune was the most dangerous, both to virtue and reputation, of any she could keep. But difficulties only encreased his ardour, and the many proofs he gave her of a warm, and what must be disinterested love, begun to work upon her heart; when he perceived this, his reflections turned on the disadvantages of marrying her, and on schemes for satisfying his passion at a cheaper rate. After having once confessed her affection, she behaved with a constant kindness; yet she preserved such a strict guard against the least indelicacy, as to baffle his designed attempts, before they were carried so far as to give cause of suspicion,

picion, or offence ; until at last, growing impatient, he openly attempted her chastity ; she tore herself from him, with horror and contempt, and although he made the most abject submissions, would never admit him any more, well knowing the certain ruin which must have attended her tampering with a man, who had once attempted her honor.

Enraged at his disappointment, he now made his boast of having received that very favor he had been refused, and every loofer damsel, every envious or neglected wench, echoed the sound. Prudentia, although (I believe) she had never read Spenser, behaved exactly as he advises ; she kept a more than ordinary guard upon her future conduct, and soon found, that like the sun, true virtue may for a time be clouded by the dark mists of calumny,



ny, but will again shine forth in all its former lustre.

Prudentia is now happily married to a young man ; who possesses no large gifts from fortune, no extraordinary graces of person, or brilliancy of parts, yet has that plain good sense, honest kindness of heart, and sweetness of temper, that has raised between them that perfect esteem and confidence, which alone can secure happiness in the married life.

NUM-

## NUMBER XIII.

## RIDICULOUS CONDUCT.

A safe companion, and an easy friend.

POPE.

THAT "evil communications corrupt good manners," that he who keeps company with the vicious, will be led in by degrees to become a sharer in their vices, however free from them naturally; are such plain and obvious truths, that it is needless to enforce them; it is what every parent who laments his graceless child, is ready to bear witness to.—Bad company is the

the general object of their complaint, to which they mostly impute the ruin of their children; yet methinks they must have had some inclination to vice, or they would not have taken so much pleasure in the company of the vicious; for "birds of a feather will flock together," and persons of bad dispositions whet and harden each other in wickedness, without its being possible to say which is the tempter, or which the tempted!

But if there be errors in the choice of companions, into which people of good sense, and good dispositions may be apter to be led, these are (methinks) worthy of a more serious consideration. Although rank and fortune make no real difference in men, and people should neither despise their inferiors, nor keep too cringing a distance with those above them, yet to enjoy "safe companions," they should be nearly of

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their own rank : He who strives to keep up with people of superior fortune, will find himself led into ruinous expence ; and he who herds with those below him, will discover them to be no less dangerous companions. But, for an illustration of this, take the histories of the two nephews and heirs of an old gentleman farmer, who left to Timon, his brother's son, a freehold estate of four-score pounds per annum, and to Placebo, his sister's son, an advantageous lease of a well-stocked farm of an hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Timon's temper was naturally kind, open and generous ; and as he was looked upon as his rich uncle's heir, he was from his childhood made much of by every neighbour and dependent ; who were ever ready to cry up the kindness, and generosity of his heart, and his not having a taint of pride about him, which made him (on his part) ambitious of support-



supporting the character they had drawn for him; so that the pride of not being proud was his ruin: for he never thought himself happy in any company but such whose poverty or meanness of spirit allowed him to be paymaster, and first man in the circle. No one need be ashamed of the company of an honest, sober and well-spirited person, however lowly his station; but it is not such as these, it is the loose, the fawning, or some way artfully entertaining, that those who have a propensity to low company generally delight in; and such were ever ready to draw about, to empty the purse and extol the generosity and affable disposition of Timon, who to compleat that character, must needs be gallanting with the maid of the house where he lodged; and as Nanny had the discretion to resist some less honourable offers which he made her, what could the generous Timon do less than marry this

chaste Pamela, that virtue might be rewarded?

Nanny "took tolerably well in hand" to be a gentlewoman, and rose with great facility to that height his indiscreet vanity (not the situation of his already half-ruined fortunes) called her to. Yet she was in reality a good sort of a girl; she possessed a sweetness of temper, and a grateful tenderness of heart, which if she had been born his equal, or he her's, might have made them happy in each other; but as they were situated, these very virtues only helped to accelerate their ruin. As Nanny or her relations had never been used to that opulence she seemed now to be placed in, they thought it inexhaustible. Brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins to the hundred and fiftieth degree, like an army of devouring locusts, ate up the produce, and batten on the fruits of his fortune—but surely filial reverence itself

self should not be persuasive enough to render us unjust to ourselves; and to plead family affection in the hour of ruin is ridiculous in the extreme. By his thoughtless extravagance Timon was soon surrounded with difficulties, and not having resolution to retrieve or retrench his expences, he strove to banish the painful reflection of them by frequent intoxication. Every labourer or mechanic, who could scrape together ten or twenty pounds, thought it safe in Timon's hands, so that besides mortgaging his estate to its utmost worth, he got into a number of petty debts he had no means to pay; and he is now a poor penurious sot, universally despised, and as unjustly called a very bad fellow, as he was before a good one. For the truth of the case is, he was never either in any great degree, as it was only indiscretion and vanity which made him seem generous and humble; and no-

thing except the heights of distress and difficulties could ever have made him dishonest.

Placebo was quite of a different temper; his pleasure and vanity lay in the acquaintance and company of the rich and great, and chose rather to be as "a door-keeper in the house of" fashion, than to have the elbow chair among his equals. To gain this honour, he was willing to be the butt, the toad-eater, and generally ready-money steward to companions of quality. When forced to be with such as were his equals, his whole discourse was of what happened when Mr. or 'Squire such a one and he were together, for which he had only the honor of being laughed at behind his back by all who heard him. By this means (although neither a rake nor a sot) he quickly (by running into such expences as hurt not his richer companions



companions,) brought his affairs into an embarrassed situation.

An opportunity however offered seemingly to retrieve them. An amiable young woman, who had spent six or seven years in the service of an old lady, who at her decease left her a legacy of two hundred pounds, came down to reside with her relations in the country. To her Placebo, by a similar elegance of taste and manners, soon recommended himself, and their connection ended in an union for life.

Placebo's wife was a notable woman, equally skilful in fine needle-work and confectionary, besides being tolerably well read in plays and romances. In short, she possessed every accomplishment which was unnecessary for her as a farmer's wife, and but few of those which were really useful. Yet both of them had the good sense to know that their fortune was not equal to the full

indulgence of their fine taste, so laid a plan of what they called elegance and frugality, but to which their neighbours gave the name of pride and meanness. They kept no company, except when some genteel people did them the honor (which by the way was pretty frequent) to take a dinner, or a dish of tea with them; which must be prepared with great bustle and expence, and such attendance that nothing but the silliest of all vanities could make them submit to. And when at last this vanity had accomplished their consequent ruin, these very persons who had contributed to their destruction were with the first to censure and ridicule their conduct.

NUM-

## N U M B E R XIV.

## D I S C R E T I O N .

If you had never known my shame, if only  
The silent moon and midnight stars had seen it,  
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them.

ROWE.

To the A U T H O R .

SIR,

I AM one (perhaps among too many  
of my sex) who cannot be happy  
in the possession of what would have  
been most pleasing to the kindness and  
warmth of my natural feelings, a fond,  
generous, and honorable lover, from a  
consciousness of my having, by former

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mis-

misconduct, made myself unworthy of his love. How does my heart smite me, when his eyes hanging upon me, he fondly clasps me to his bosom, and calls me "his sweet, his virtuous maid:" for as I had hopes from the unsuspecting honesty of his heart, that I might gain his hand, I have from the beginning of our connection behaved with a degree of circumspection (in his company), which innocence itself would perhaps never have thought of.

But how painful is it for a heart like mine, naturally formed for generous confidence and sympathizing love, to be obliged to act the part of a deceiver. Nothing could reconcile me to myself, but that I fell a victim to pollution, at an age when persuasion has double charms, and credulity taught me, that implicit confidence was a virtue: I knew no guilt, and therefore suspected none.

My



My fond lover has not yet discovered a trace of my frailty, yet I am but too certain it has not escaped the notice of my more prying and malicious neighbours ; so am in perpetual dread of its coming to his knowledge either before, or what would perhaps be of worse consequence, after our marriage. Dear Sir, tell me how to act in this dilemma, and you will for ever oblige the unfortunate

MIRA.

The best advice I can give Mira is, for the future to be strictly on her guard ; the guilt lies certainly less in a pollution of body, than in a corruption of mind, and if she can bring that once back to the wish of chastity, she will again be virtuous. If she could have a full confidence in her lover's kindness and discretion, that he would neither betray, nor forsake

F 6

her,

her, nor render it the subject of future reproach, it would perhaps be best to make him the confident of her misfortune, as it would ease her own mind of the conscious pain of deception, be less irritating to his feelings, and destructive of his happiness, if it came from herself, than if he should hear it from another; but he must be a very generous and sensible man who should be trusted with a secret like this, and besides her delicacy, as well as her prudence, may forbid it. But, however, she should be extremely careful, both before and after marriage, not to give him, or the world, cause of future suspicion, and in particular to avoid the man who was the author of her ruin.

And here I must observe to my fair, and yet innocent readers, how exceedingly careful they should be to keep themselves from temptation, and to  
guard

guard against those warm desires, which could lead one of Mira's refined and delicate tenderness of sentiment, to become what she too severely, yet but too justly, calls herself. But alas! how many are at this moment sunk in lewdness, rotting in the stews, who were led to their ruin by a generous sensibility of soul, which would have sweetly fitted them for conjugal love, and maternal tenderness; while many of their most unmerciful censurers, owe their safety less to fixed principles of virtue, than to a harsh unfeeling forbiddingness of temper and manners.

But, perhaps, one of the most general female faults, is their little feeling for, nay, indeed, rather triumphing in each others failures of this kind. I think it is Mr. Shenstone's remark, that we are most apt to hate those faults in others, to which we ourselves are most strongly tempted: is it then,  
that

that doing great violence to their own inclinations, in keeping themselves chaste, they envy, and consequently hate, those who take greater indulgence: or is it in a spirit of rivalry, that they think another's fall a kind of comparative exaltation to themselves? However, it certainly is not the vice itself, but only the vicious female which they dislike; for while the poor creature is drowned in tears of grief, and overwhelmed with confusion, shunned, scorned, and censured by the rest of her sex; the man, who by the most artful intrigues, the most deceitful promises and endearments, nay, perhaps not at last without some degree of force, accomplished her ruin, and who brazens out his fault with an impudent carelessness and gaiety of behaviour, is received among these pretenders to virtue with as much eclat as ever.

Let



Let then the fair ones, when they would complain of the artifices, and inconstancy of men, consider to what it must be owing. The sexes are of such a pleasing, mutual consequence to each other, that whatever will gain the general countenance of the one, the individuals of the other will endeavour to assume at least the appearance of; were then the fair sex as much angels in mind as person, the men would soon all be faints—but I suppose even those extravagantly virtuous ladies do not desire it.

## NUMBER XV.

## ILLICIT LOVE.

—————She flourish'd,  
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,  
'Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,  
Cropt this fair rose, and ravish'd all its sweetness,  
Then threw it like a loathsome weed away.

OTWAY.

ALTHOUGH I cannot altogether subscribe to that which seems to have been the opinion of our philosophic poet, Mr. Pope, that there is in every breast some one ruling passion, to which all the rest are subordinate; yet, certainly, every one has his favorite passion, and I must own a general tenderness towards the fair sex, has

has always been mine: I cannot pretend to so much philosophy as to look with the same indifference on a group of pretty damsels, as on a bed of tulips. An agreeable woman, with sprightliness, delicacy, modesty and kindness shining in her countenance, is certainly the most lovely, the most animating object the eyes of man can behold.

Indeed, I am so much a general lover of the sex, and have so much of the knight errant in me, that for their sakes I would gladly fall forth against those monsters, the ruiners of virgins, "who are continually roving about," not "like roaring lions," "but as sneaking spaniels, "seeking whom they may devour." But it will, I doubt, prove as ineffectual, and be thought as ridiculous, as the famous attack made by my renowned predecessor, Don Quixote; for  
the

the vane of a wind-mill is not more destitute of feeling than the hearts of libertines: they have not one man-like feeling about them, which they share not, in common, with the beasts that perish.

Were they rational creatures, were they capable of reflection, I would ask their opinion of the vile incendiary who enters a house under the disguise of kindness and friendship, to sow the seeds of anger, confusion, sorrow and despair. I would ask their opinion of the treacherous robber, who plunders his confiding friends of that on which may depend the reputation, the fortune and the happiness of all their future days. I would ask what they thought of that serpent, that devil, whose pleasure it is to delude innocence into the paths of guilt.

Marcus



Marcus paid his addressee to Melinda; he put on the appearance of a fair and honorable lover, and visited her openly in the face of her friends, until he became respected as a son and a brother in the family. Encouraged by the approbation of her relations, and his long and unremitting attentions, she gave up her heart without reserve to the tender passion; she received his caresses with transport, nor could refrain from fond returns. She looked upon him as her destined husband, the partner of her future joys. In a soft and tender moment, when the fond idea reigned predominant; when virtue, prudence, and the sense of honor, were lulled to rest by the bewitching pleas of love, she yielded herself up to his embraces, and found herself ruined and forsaken.

Racus cast his eyes upon the young and beautiful Nannette, and marked her

her out for his prey; her prudent parents were aware of her danger, they expostulated with their daughter, they forbid his visits; but, as the old Grecian poet says, no man can bar up his house so close, but a rat or a libertine will find entrance; for he found a way into the house and heart of Nannette, where love and filial duty held an unequal contest for dominion. In the midst of this tender conflict of contending passions, what wonder if he found a melting moment to complete her ruin; for him she sacrificed the affections of every friend and relation, and yet he, even he could forsake her too!

Were these creatures men, were they possessed of the common feelings of humanity, I would endeavor to melt them to compassion, by drawing a picture of that misery they occasion. Nay, (however unavailing) I will attempt

tempt it, and do thou soft pity, thou tender sympathy which warmest my heart, inspire me whilst I write.

What affection is so delicately tender, as that of a father to his daughter? yet must she see that fond parent wounded by her ungrateful lover in the most tender part; she must see him in all the forms of rage, in all the woe of melting sorrow! She must see her fond mother, eyeing her in the very depth of grief, and breaking out into heart-piercing lamentations. Her brothers silent, perhaps, yet with looks of indignant misery; her sisters wrapt in sorrow, and almost choked with grief and scorn, as knowing they share in her loss of reputation—every eye turned upon her with looks of anger, and wretchedness, as the unhappy cause of their heart-felt distress. Where must she vent her grief? whom must she curse, as the cause of all her woe?

What

What thee! thou darling of her heart!  
thou partner of her dear-bought joys,  
thou father of her child! Hast thou occasioned all this scene of sorrow, and hast thou the power to alleviate it? Has passion in an unguarded moment led thee to do an injury, and wilt thou in cool blood refuse a reparation? No, take her to thy bosom, and be the future guardian of that honor thou hast injured; so shall the scribe of Heaven, in the exuberance of joy with which he notes down thy *amende honorable*, dash out the record of thy former guilt.

But her experienced weakness has made thee doubtful of her truth? How cruel and unjust the world may blame her conduct, but thou shouldst not, if she has been guilty of a fault, it is a fault of love, of love to thee! Hast thou been weak, and canst thou blame her weakness? But this is only  
a vain



a vain excuse, thy desires are fatiated, thy heart is incapable of tender pity, it is hardened against the dictates of honor and conscience; and so thou wilt abandon her to the malice of an unfeeling world, where haply undiscovered wantons, and unasked antiquated virginity will tear in pieces her late fair reputation, while she is pitied, alas, by few! by none, of all her sex, except the truly good and virtuous.

Think, should she pursue the road in which thou hast placed her; and when thou hast robbed her of those paladiums of female honor, a spotless reputation, and the conscious pride of innocence, how shall she resist each ruffian's rude attempt? Think, then, thou seest each charm, which once was only thine, exposed to every rude embrace; that heart which glowed with tender love to thee, sunk into abandoned lewdness; the mother of thy  
child

child a prostitute! But, think, O think! she may be led, in consequence of thy first seducing, and then abandoning her, into such a course of vice, as must not only sink her in disgrace and misery for life, but endanger her future welfare; and can'st thou bear the guilt of her everlasting ruin?

NUM-

## NUMBER XVI.

## SCANDAL.

————— Good name in man or woman,  
Is the immediate jewel of our souls :  
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something,  
nothing,  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-  
sands ;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
But makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is nothing which shews  
so much the general depravity  
of the human heart, as the avidity  
with which any story to the discredit  
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of a fellow creature is received and propagated.

On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

What is the reason of this? Is it that people would set off the lustre of their own virtues, or excuse their faults by a comparison with the seeming depravity of others?

To propagate any uncertain story to the prejudice of another's character, is making at once a most injurious and cowardly attack upon him; as it is hurting him in the tenderest point, and in a way that gives him the least opportunity of defending himself; for neither strength, dexterity, nor the most cautious prudence, can enable a man to guard against the envenomed shafts of calumny.

To



To point out the secret villain, as a caution for innocence to avoid him; or to bestow merited censure upon the open violater of truth and decency, may be of service, at least it is what the honest indignation of a worthy mind will naturally throw out: but then before we spread a report to any one's disadvantage, we should be absolutely convinced of its truth in every particular; and before we pass too severe a censure, we should be certain the culpable action proceeded from a real corruption of heart, and was not merely the casual slip of an unguarded moment.

There is, perhaps, no slander so invidious, or so hurtful, as that which has something of truth for its foundation; a little variation, either addition, or omission, makes that appear highly culpable, which, if every circumstance and inducement were known, might

seem excusable: and but too many people (especially your great news-mongers) love to represent things in the worst light. It is surprising with what art these people will endeavour to instil a bad opinion of any one into you; they will begin with giving the person some degree of praise, until they have made you think them friendly, and so not likely to belie them, and then proceed to deal out faults, until at last they completely blacken the devoted character, and all, perhaps, without any real malice against the person, but merely to indulge their love of tittle tattle conversation.

Yet methinks it should be considered, that he who in any wise blackens another's character, lets fly a shower of random arrows at him, which when once from his bow he can no more command, nor knows in what part they may inflict a wound; for no  
person

person can possibly tell how much the least scandalous report may prove injurious, either to the interest or happiness of another. But where it has a direct tendency to do an injury in some important point, it greatly adds to its malignity: thus it is doubly culpable, to disparage the abilities of the artist, the professional skill of the physician, or the lawyer, the credit of the merchant or tradesman, the courage of the soldier, or the chastity of a woman.

Of this last, (as there is nothing so wantonly and inconsiderably played with as female reputation) I must beg leave to be a little more particular. However it came to be, that a fault should be accounted only venial in one sex, and capital in the other; or still more, that the one should glory in that of which the other must be ashamed, appears to me altogether

unaccountable; yet, as this is too much the case, it should put the fair sex more upon their guard, as having to do with gamesters, who have nothing to lose, whilst they themselves have every thing at stake. Men may push their fortune in life by various means, a woman's depends entirely upon her marriage; and how much that may be affected by reputation, I leave it to every man of common sense to determine: they are all in the same predicament with the wife of Cæsar, it is not enough that they are innocent, they must be unsuspected.

I mention this as a caution to young women, to be careful of hurting their fame, by keeping wild company, irregular hours, or betraying a forward levity of behaviour. And to point out to the men, the cruel injury they do them, if by words, hints, or signs, they hazard the raising the least dishonorable suspicion



picion against them: and yet I can assure the fair sex, that among those who wish to draw them into guilt, there is not one of a thousand whose vanity will not some how find out a way to betray them.

I know not whether the following tale has ever been printed, but it is so very applicable to the present subject, that I cannot resist giving it a place among my papers.

## THE MAD DOG.

## A T A L E.

The Sland'rer hurts more than the thief;  
Our danger more, less our relief:  
No strength can guard, no care insure,  
And if once hurt, there is no cure;  
A bruise may heal, wealth be regain'd,  
There's no amends for credit stain'd.

The spiteful tongue deals desp'rate blows,  
Nor minds the mischief which it does.

Tho' always plain, yet always neat,  
As *Prim*, the Quaker, walk'd the street,  
A dirty cur came 'thwart his hose,  
At which the meek man's choler rose.

" I will not curse thee, strike, or lame,

" But I will give thee a bad name :

" Mad dog ! mad dog !" then onwards steps ;

Not so the caitiff cur escapes :

The mob on him raise hue and cry,

Staves, stones, and shovels at him fly ;

'The women scream ! the bolder men

Pursue, he flies, but flies in vain,

Stiff, bloody, stunn'd—he falls—he dies,

To Calumny a sacrifice.

N U M-

## NUMBER XVII.

## CANDOUR.

Be candid where we can.

POPE.

**I**T is not sufficient that we forbear to raise or propagate scandalous reports against our neighbours, we should likewise be careful to avoid making malicious reflections upon their persons and manners, or commenting unfavorably upon their actions. But let us impartially examine upon what account it generally happens that people become objects of censure or ridicule, and see how far they may deserve such opprobrious usage.

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As a good face is said to be a letter of commendation, so persons of very mean exterior parts may be said to carry Bellerophon's letters (letters to their own detriment) continually about with them. We cannot, perhaps, help being prejudiced for or against people by the appearance they make in our eyes; besides which, how far the form of body may influence the passions of the soul, or how far harmony or distortion of mind may give beauty or deformity, especially to the countenance, I will not pretend to say. Socrates acknowledged he was naturally inclined to all the vices which the physiognomist charged him with, although he had so far subdued himself, as not to let them appear in his conduct. I have, however, often met with good sense and good nature beneath great simplicity or sourness of countenance;



tenance; and many a time we find a fair and noble soul clad in the very coarsest clay. Besides which, all our bodies being the gift of one common Creator, and not in any of our powers to alter or exchange, it is at once impious and unjust to censure or ridicule any one on that account. For my part, I was never in the least hurt by any reflections which could be made upon my person, but have much too frequently had reason to blush, from a consciousness of a deformity in my manners.

Talents or capacities, as well as our persons being the immediate gift of God, and no way dependent upon our wills, or inclinations, cannot properly make us deserve either scorn or censure. Besides which, we frequently see people of very ordinary parts, by means of care and dili-

G 6

gence;

gence, make their way through life with credit, whilst those of more shining abilities by too careless and confident a reliance upon their ingenuity, have involved themselves in difficulties and distress. Indeed, I believe Heaven has given to most people talents sufficient, were they properly applied, but that is too seldom the case; many who make but bungling artists, might have figured in a liberal profession, "and  
" many an honest gentleman (says  
" some body) has bestowed a church  
" benefice upon the very man he ought  
" to have made his huntsman."

Our foibles, our whimsies and our follies, of which every one has his share; whether they be grave or gay, whether they "finner it, or faint it," run away with the man a little out of the track of reason; yet, so long as he only frisks and scampers as he passes along, and is not unjustly troublesome  
or

or dangerous to his Majesty's liege subjects, although his whimsical freaks may force a smile, we have no right to hold out a finger or cry shame: so long as the rider is content and happy, let him enjoy his pranks as he pleases. Yet, I would advise you, my good man jockey, to keep your hand upon the rein, and a sharp look out, or your foible may run away with you. Hobby is a vicious colt, and if he gets too much his head, will so run and leap, and kick and fling, that he will be breaking the neck of your interest, happiness and virtue. But if kept within due bounds, a little indulgence to fancy is no ways blameable; indeed it is well if we

——Can imagin'd pleasures find,  
To combat against real cares.

Some times, and in some cases it is  
but a folly to be overwise, for alas!  
how

how frequently does our strength lie in our weakness, and our wisdom in our follies. Our foibles then may be indulged so far as they are entirely innocent, and so far as they contribute to content and happiness; but let it be remembered nothing can possess these qualifications which is hurtful to our health or future welfare, or which are unjustly injurious, or perniciously ensnaring to any other person; or what is the same thing in effect, but impressed by a law more explicit and binding, nothing can be accounted guiltless, which is repugnant to the revealed will of the Almighty.

Yet, although we should hate the vice, we should judge with candour and charity of the vicious. We know who bids us "judge not, lest ye be judged, for with that measure which ye mete to others, it shall be measured to us again," and few of us, I doubt will be able to stand so severe a scru-



a scrutiny. Let only the innocent accuse the guilty, and, lo, the court is silent. If we must needs judge, let it be rather from people's general conduct, than from any particular actions. Because a person has been known to do a foolish or a wicked deed, it does not therefore follow, that he is a foolish or a wicked man. Let me ask which of us have not done or said that in some weak, some unguarded moment, which in our soberer hours we would have scorned or hated. Who but the great Searcher of hearts can trace actions to their original fountain, who sees and considers the different strength of passions in each breast, and the various circumstances of temptation, and can with certainty say how far any one is guilty or innocent? Many a worthy matron who has spent her life in chastity and honor, if she were to recollect every tender moment  
when

when fond desire reigned predominant, might own with the lady in Marmontel's tales, that she had been virtuous by good luck. For my part, I must, to my shame, acknowledge I am conscious of owing to good fortune, or (it would be both more just and more pious to say) to the kindly interposition of Providence, the not having committed such actions as must have ended either in unhinging the most virtuous principles of my soul, or been the cause of regret to me for all my future days. And what man dare presume to say how long he will be able to keep even his present degree of purity? Let us then (by the grace of God) endeavour all we can to preserve our hearts in the paths of wisdom and virtue; and judge with candour and charity of the actions and behaviour of others.

NUM-

N U M B E R XVIII.

F E M A L E C U N N I N G.

A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

LITTLETON.

To the A U T H O R.

SIR,

I AM a servant girl, and have not been quite two months in my place, yet my master's son (a youth of about twenty, and will be a great fortune) is begun already to fondle about me. Now, Sir, you have (in the character of Prudentia) shewn how a prudent and virtuous young woman should behave

behave towards the man she wishes not to encourage, but have said nothing how she should manage him she would secure ; and I would fain act prudently and virtuously in this affair ; that is, understand me, I would act so as to catch him. Your advice in this matter will oblige your humble servant,

BETTY BROOM.

If I advise my friend Betty, it must be to leave her place as soon as she can with decency and propriety. The young man may be in some danger from her, but believe me she is in much greater from him. Courtship and gallantry with a man of superior rank, is always very critical and dangerous ; his consciousness of this advantage giving him an overpowering degree of assurance ; but she, I hope, will not forget that there is a modest dignity belongs  
to



to her sex, which no inferiority of rank can make less, and which gives her a right to restrain or repulse the advances, and the freedoms of any man, let his rank, or his situation, with regard to her, be what it will; and this prerogative ought to be most particularly exerted, when every other advantage is on the side of her gallant.

But however prudently she may manage it, if she should suffer his gallantries for any time, it will rouse the attention and envy of her neighbours, and then if it end in disappointment, as most likely it will, where the affair runs so counter to the young man's views of interest, these will be ready to put the most malicious construction upon their connection. She will at least be laughed at for being cheated in her ambitious views, but most likely her character will be entirely lost. Nay,  
even

even if she should happen to succeed to the full extent of her most sanguine wishes, yet she will find it no very enviable situation to be married into a family who may think themselves hurt, or dishonored by her alliance, and that too without any support, but the giddy and transient fancy of her husband; for it may (and I believe frequently doth) happen, that a man ruins himself to gain possession of a woman, for whom he has nothing of that fixed esteem, and friendly care for her happiness, which alone deserves the name of love.

But besides this, although I would have my fair pupils prudent, I would not have them ever entertain an idea of being cunning; prudence is a shield of defence which highly becomes them in the wearing, but cunning is an offensive weapon they were never meant to handle: it so badly suits with their  
tendernefs

tenderneſs of ſentiment, and their yielding warmth of feeling, that they generally are themſelves the dupes of their own intrigues.

Barſina, by her unexceptionable and diſcreet conduct, had gained the good opinion of all who knew her; ſhe had lovers—and wiſhed to marry well. Some diſappointments happily got over, and her attachments naturally not too ſtrong, who was likelier to act prudently than Barſina?—She was prudent, but that was not enough, ſhe muſt be cunning.

Barſina had one lover whoſe perſonal accompliſhments hit her fancy, and whoſe proſpects in life ſatiſfied her prudential wiſhes—but he too was prudent, and wanted to be properly ſettled in his buſineſs before he married; he was rather dilatory, ſhe was rather diffident; a new lover came, and was encouraged as a ſpur to the other, at  
leſt

least it had that effect, the first lover became anxious and pressing—yet still with too much prudence.

For women when they will, are always in a hurry.

May-day, that halcyon season, when rural Hymen lights up innumerable torches, was the time appointed: proper arrangements were to be made in his family against their approaching nuptials; she should have now been satisfied of his sincerity and honor. But she was for being surer.—For although she liked him well enough to be married to him, yet she had now coquetted with the other until she could scarce find in her heart to quit him. This may at first sight appear-unnatural, uncharacteristic, but it is not; she was to be sure very prudent, very cunning, but yet she was a woman.

The



The first lover had (once at least) the greatest share in her affections and esteem, but the other was the brisker wooer; her mind, almost, begun to waver, was almost on a balance. This very prudent, very fly woman's lot in life, the disposal of her dearest interests, of her person, was not to rest upon her affections, nor yet upon her judgment, for both were lost in wavering and uncertainty; but on some momentary caprice, some accidental whim, perhaps some grosser feeling; and what was it, think you, which snatched her, at last, from one she long had highly valued, and that too for the sake of a man for whom she had no fixed liking?

The ring was bought, the nuptials approaching, and the painful task! —the discarded lover must be told of it. With tears, almost with fainting it was done; those tears melted his  
 rising

rising anger into love and tenderness; he once again was pressing, nor could she, even now resist, but once more promised, and once more deceived him!

Barfina has, perhaps, been less unfortunate than undeserving, but yet she is not happy; every little rub in life, every 'piece of ill-humour' from her husband or his friends makes her sigh. I well deserve it, I might have been happy! But should it be her lot to meet with real misfortunes, or bad usage, in what corner of her mind shall her peace seek refuge? The unfortunate woman who married to please her parents, can plead filial duty; if she chose from views of worldly prudence, it was meant for the best, or if it was love, that powerful, natural passion, it is its own best advocate and comforter; but she who has been the dupe of her own dishonest cunning—where is her consolation?

NUM.

## NUMBER XIX.

## LOVE MARKS.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,  
So many of your sex would not in vain,  
Of broken vows, and faithless men complain.

ROWE.

**A**LTHOUGH I could not think  
of encouraging Miss Broom in  
her giddy, ambitious views, yet her  
epistle has caused me to reflect how  
difficult it is for a young woman to  
distinguish the real lover from the  
mere fribbling teaser, or the artful de-  
luder who pursues her for baser ends;  
and to regulate her conduct so as  
to secure that heart she wishes to re-  
tain. I shall therefore endeavour (in

Vol. I.

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this

this and some succeeding papers) to paint the real lover to my fair readers as he stands in contra-distinction to the other two, and point out such a mode of conduct to them, as if it cannot insure them that success they wish for, will make them at least deserve it.

Young women are natural scholars in the language of the eye: they never fail discovering that we love them, as soon at least as we know it ourselves, if not sooner; but then the vivacity of their wishes often makes them fancy they see love, when it is only general gallantry of temper. The following are the most general symptoms of a genuine passion, to be respectful in address, even to timidity, and ever ready to doubt success: the true lover will strive to hide the awe that hangs upon him, he may affect pleasantry and humour, but he does it very awkwardly.



wardly: in the presence of his mistress he will be apt to sink into dullness; but if she addresses him kindly, or gives him a smile of approbation, he is enlivened at once: yet are his spirits as easily allayed as they are raised; and he is as jealous almost of being the object of her pity as of her scorn: he would hide even from his mistress the too great tenderness of his passion; he wishes her to know he loves, yet is unwilling she should see how much his happiness is in her power.

Thus embarrassing is the situation, and thus confused the air and manner of the real lover, while the mere dangling sweetheart (as our country girls call him) acts at his ease: his conversation is light and amusing, his air and manner free and easy, without any sort of restraint; he is officious in little gallantries,

H 2

and

and happily forward in thrusting himself upon you in public, or hunting you out in your secluded moment; and knows how to hit with precision that critical degree of freedom, and sees so well how to time liberties, as to give just that gentle shock to your delicacy, which is pleasing to the bashful roguery of your hearts:—but if this should give you some little offence, he laughs you out of it, and parries off your anger with a smile.

Such are the marks which in general distinguish the lover from the dangler, yet are they not always to be depended upon. Young men who are naturally bashful, and not much used to gallanting with the sex, will have the same embarrassed timidity in their behaviour; and as the lover is silent, and looks confused, and labouring for something which he cannot find utterance for, so is the novice as silent  
and

and confused, wishing to play the man of gallantry, but finding himself unequal to the task. Nay, even that respectful fondness with which the lover eyes his mistress, and the tender softness of his air and expression, may be imitated by art; or even undesignedly, may proceed from the natural warmth of a man's tenderness of heart, and general feelings: and indeed I must acknowledge, for my part, I never enjoyed the pleasure of a *tete-a-tete* conversation, with an agreeable young woman, but I felt a degree of tenderness and affection for her at the time. What wonder, then, if that temporary kindness which is really in the heart, should steal into our looks and manner of expression. A man who is naturally bold and forward, (especially if he meets with kindness, or has had so much experience of the sex, as to distinguish seeming coyness

H 3

from

from real distaste) may have none of that embarrassment in his behaviour, and yet mean as honorably, and make as affectionate an husband, as he who in his manners shews plainer marks of love. However, where a woman sees a man who is free and gay with others, timid and embarrassed in her company, or one who seems little given to general gallantry, observant of, and officious in paying his court to her, she may conclude he has some sort of a liking for her; but yet she may be diffident of his honorable intentions.

To distinguish the honorable from the dishonorable lover, is no very easy task, as the latter has all the seeming warmth of passion, all the fondness of desire of the other: yet there are some nicer traits which may serve as marks of distinction. He looks at you (my dear girls) with fondness, but there is  
less



less of respect, and more of keenness in those looks ; there is something in his eye, that can hardly meet with yours, but it raises some involuntary thoughts you cannot indulge without blushing. His discourse and actions have a wanton tendency, more or less refined, as you seem inclinable to encourage, or as he is or is not master of address and elocution : but the honorable lover almost loses the gallantry of love in reverence of his mistress, until kind encouragement, and chearful hope, promises him the sole possession of her heart and person.—Another criterion, by which you may judge of your lovers, is this ; although the honorable one is rather shy of intruding himself upon you in public, lest he should give offence, and expose himself to rebuffs before witnesses, yet except this, he has no fear besides ; give him your countenance, and he triumphs in his

H 4

chains :

chains : but there is a sneaking manner in purposes of guilt, which makes men shy in public of seeming particularly attached, but eager to seize their opportunity in the shades of darkness, and the closeness of retreat. It is therefore a golden rule for young women to observe, never to keep company with any one in private, at least not entertain him as a lover, who seems unwilling to appear as such in public, especially before her family and friends.

The dangler may possibly ripen into a lover, and therefore it is more a moot point, how far he is, or is not to be indulged ; but the deluder should, as soon as detected, be carefully avoided. That there has been instances of men who have pursued women with loose intentions, being drawn in at last to marry them, I am ready to admit ; but such are very rare, when compared with  
the

the number of unhappy females, who have been led to their ruin by indulging such fallacious hopes; and it is certainly an act of the most audacious imprudence for any one to expose herself to such dangerous temptations, when she knows the designs which are formed against her.—Besides the hazard to which she exposes her virtue and reputation, even when her schemes are successful, she should remember such matches when they are made, are mostly very unhappy; for he must be one of the worst of men, who can deliberately plot the ruin of innocence, and a bad man can never make a good husband.

## N U M B E R XX.

## INEXPLICIT COURTSHIP.

The lovely maid improves her charms,  
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners.

ADDISON.

**Y**OUNG women, being candidates for matrimony, should certainly be careful to conduct themselves with the greatest propriety, and, as a preliminary, I would have them endeavour to deserve the reputation of such good qualities, as will make them the most desirable partners in such a stile of life as they may reasonably think themselves



selves entitled to expect a husband in. This, believe me, will give them the greatest estimation in the eyes, not only of the wisest, but almost every sort of men; for there is nothing in which men in general shew so much superior judgment to woman, as in the opinions they form of persons of the contrary sex.

In dress they should rather affect a constant neatness, than a casual shew of grandeur; nor endeavour to take the lead among young persons, of their rank and neighbourhood, in fashion and expence; which would only expose them to envy, censure, and ridicule, while by keeping a little back, they may enjoy all the real advantages of elegance without reproach. Neither should they entirely neglect places of general resort, nor yet seem too constant in and eager to run after them; by which means they will escape the

censure of levity, yet sometimes be seen, and learn how to behave with ease and propriety in public; and will besides be much more noticed than those, who by a too frequent attendance become "creatures of the place."

In the choice of companions they should be extremely nice; the company of loose women being as prejudicial to their reputation, and perhaps to their virtue, as that of men of the same stamp. With the former the mind is off its guard, and open to receive a poison destructive of that innocent delicacy, which is the shield of virtue, and the beauty of the sex.

Nor should they be too forward or easy with the men: yet it would be ridiculous prudery, or an absurd piece of coquettishness, to put on a grave forbidding shew of scorn, on every little shew of gallantry; but surely they should

not

not make themselves gew-gaws for every one to play with. In particular let them avoid converse with men of notoriously loose character, and indeed too much with any, where there is no likelihood of serious intentions, much more where there is an impropriety on either side: for there is such a pliancy towards love in female tempers, as naturally inclines them to yield to sollicitation, and to catch fire at a lover's flame, 'till they may be led by degrees (they scarce know how) to love, nay, to marry, and that too contrary to every view of interest, with men who possess not one quality of body or mind which would naturally please their fancies, or satisfy their judgments. And as it is a mortifying misfortune for them to love, where they are not beloved, they should not indulge themselves in the company of those they cannot see or converse with, but their hearts feel soft palpitations, while

while the object of their wishes sits easy and indifferent.

But how far they may or may not indulge, consistently with prudence, a man with their company, who seems inclinable to dangle after them, without any seeming warmth of passion, or eagerness to come to an eclairsissement, for whom they have no more than a familiarity of feeling, whose character is unexceptionable, and with whom it would be no misfortune to have an interchange of love; I say, how far such a man should be indulged is a difficult point to determine, for most love connections among the lower ranks of people begin in this accidental way—they fall into company frequently, that creates a liking, which improves to love, and love rises to marriage. So that if a young woman was to banish every follower of this kind (especially if she has no gifts of fortune to allure men to her



her arms) it might be cutting off her prospects of marriage entirely. Yet too many of such men are male-coquets, whose triumph it is to see how far they can gain upon feelings, and whose boast it is that they have received favours. I think, then, she who does not chuse entirely to banish such a man, should be very careful not to shew him any marks of kindness; it will be best to be modestly distant with him as an acquaintance, and not, seemingly, to think of him as a lover; but by no means be seen with him at unseasonable hours, nor shew any marks of particular attention, nor allow him any personal freedoms, but what might be granted to any other man.

Another yet more difficult case is, where a young man not only professes, but shews every mark of a warm and honorable passion, yet, on pretence of prudential reasons, seems to decline an  
early

early acceptance of her hand. And thus far it is certain, young people before they marry should have some reasonable prospect of maintaining themselves, and the young family they are probably to give birth to; otherwise by a premature union, difficulties will surround them, out of which they may never be able to extricate themselves; while, on the contrary, by waiting for a more proper season, they might have entered into the married state with fairer hopes, and enjoyed plenty all their days. And yet when the heart has fixed its fancy, and the judgment confirmed that choice, it is hard, nor is it any way necessary, that they should entirely part. In such a case (I think) a man should be quite explicit with his mistress; he should lay his present situation, as well as future prospects fairly before her, and give her the strongest assurances of his constancy, without desiring

desiring any concessions on her part except the giving him her countenance; and then it is her part to consider whether the difficulties he most dwells on are substantial, or merely trivial; if the latter seems to be the case, she has good reason to suspect his heart is not sufficiently fixed, or, indeed, that he has some sinister views; that he is only watching for some tender moment to rob her of her honor. Another consideration is, whether these difficulties are such as a little time is likely to remove; for, if otherwise a longer acquaintance will only rivet their affections the deeper, and make that parting, which is to come at last, the more afflicting. Lastly, she should observe whether her want of golden charms to satisfy his avaricious fancy, or to please his friends, be not the chief cause of his delay; if so, that passion which when newly thrown into the scale cannot

not out-weigh avarice, prudence, filial duty, or what you please to call it, when it comes to hang long in the balance, will strike the beam. These love matches, (as they are called) if they are not sudden, seldom prove at all, and it is (as I have before observed) peculiarly dangerous to dangle with a man of superior fortune.

However, in all cases, with an inexplicit or dilatory swain, a young woman should ever be very cautious, not to shew too great kindneffes, nor allow any extraordinary favors : the first mark of affection she should discover towards her lover, (and indeed the first he should desire) is her yielding to his request of her hand in marriage.

N U M-



## NUMBER XXI.

## EXPLICIT COURTSHIP.

The men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare,  
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.

CONGREVE, from OVID.

WHEN once a young woman is fully convinced, as well from her lover's behaviour, as from his professions, that he is really sincere and honorable in his intentions towards her, she on her part should immediately determine in her mind, whether his love is acceptable to her, and not give him even a silent encouragement, when

when in her heart she is fearful of rejecting him. Although a lover may not be so happy as to hit the fancy of his mistress, yet still she should consider (provided his character and situation, with regard to hers, are such as she need not be ashamed of) he has certainly in some respect paid her a compliment, nay, laid her under a kind of obligation, by having made her his choice: and surely if she cannot requite him with kindness, she should forbear treating him with contempt, or giving him unnecessary pain. To coquet with him would be more than folly, but as soon as possible let her allow him an opportunity to speak his mind, and then give him a civil, but so resolute an answer, that unless he be either very stupid, or very impudent, will serve him as a final one. In doing this, she may, perhaps, make a sacrifice, (for the sex love to keep men in their power,

power, they like the love even when they despise the lover) but it is a sacrifice which generosity, justice, and gratitude require.

But when she means to favor a lover, I cannot advise her to be altogether so honest; a little well meant coquetry is certainly quite allowable. She should not let him find he has so much of her favor all at once, but seem a little coy, until his affections are rivetted deeper, and she can be sure he is not playing a false game. To see how far this ought to be carried, a young woman should consider the character and temper of her lover. Men who are naturally vain and forward, or who have had the fame of frequent triumphs over female hearts, should be long kept back; such are apt soon to despise an easy conquest, but if they find great difficulties to encounter, it stimulates their ambition to complete the victory,  
until

until by degrees their own hearts become too deeply engaged to suffer them to recede. But it would be at once severe and impolitic to practise the same degree of coyness towards the honest, the modest and tender-hearted; as it might altogether crush his hopes, and drive him from her; or make him seek some kinder nymph; where he might find a gentleness of temper and tenderness of heart, more congenial to his own.

There are, I know, many young women who love to pick little quarrels with their wooers, either by way of trying their tempers, or else to give the greater pungency to their passions in the tender moment of reconciliation. As to the first, the man of cold, unfeeling heart, who in seeking a wife, only looks on her as if hiring an upper servant, or as one who is to bring him certain goods and chattels, will, while  
court-



courtship lasts, very calmly put up with her little humours; but the fond lover, who places his hopes of happiness upon her virtues and her love, will be hurt by these pouting fits. Yet most assuredly, the man who is a very petulant sweetheart cannot be expected to prove a good-natured husband.

Love very often, like the vibration of a pendulum, when for some moments pushed off, will return more fierce and strong; but this is a very dangerous experiment, and will if repeated too frequently, most probably end at last in quenching that passion it was meant to enflame. Besides which, he will at such times be apt to retort these arts upon her; and as the hearts of men are much harder than those of women, she will I doubt be found the weaker vessel.

It should indeed be the wish of a young woman rather to keep up a steady

dy affection, and a calm esteem, betwixt herself and her favoured lover, than to enflame his passions, and of course her own; for it is in such warm, such tender moments as these that her chief danger lies. Were I to plan the ruin of female innocence, I would certainly take the melting moments of reconciliation, after a violent quarrel. Another time of extreme danger is, that extatic minute when she first acknowledges her kindness, and gives a loose to long concealed love. In such soft hours as these she should keep strictest guard upon her heart and conduct; for if she suffers her own fond desires and the soothing promises of her lover to betray her into fatal indiscretion, she must think herself obliged to her swain, if he performs the most solemn engagements; and, after letting her suffer the greatest inquietude of suspense and apprehension, at last coldly take that

that hand he once seemed most passionately to wish for.—But she is most likely to meet with still worse usage: for although her eyes could pierce a lover's breast, and read determined constancy written in his heart, yet would her honour be too great a venture. Her charms of innocence once fled, his desires may decline—and some other nymph,

“ With equal charms, and yet untasted beauty,”

may catch his roving eye; and truant reason, ever ready to play the pander to the will, may point out cruel suspicions to harden his heart, and hapless she will find the once fond lover, who seemed to live but on her smiles, become at last a cold, unfeeling, unrelenting traitor.

## NUMBER XXII.

## M O N O G A M Y.

Hail, wedded love!—————  
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from man,  
Among the bestial herd to range; by thee,  
Founded on reason, loyal, just and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son and brother, first were known.  
MILTON.

NOT only from what I have said at  
the conclusion of my last paper,  
but from what we see almost daily pas-  
sing in the world, it must appear of  
what very great consequence it is to  
every young woman that she should  
keep her fame and virtue free from  
blemish: and, to make sure of this,  
she should, in the first place, avoid  
unseasonable hours and private re-  
treats;



treats; for every adept in the arts of seduction knows how much the shades of darkness, the stillness of solitude, and the langour of a midnight hour, joined with a lover's caresses, will melt the languishing, the reluctantly yielding maiden to his wish. She should likewise keep up a strict regard to delicacy; for if she once begins to suffer deviating freedoms from her lover, she will scarce know how to check him, while she has aught left to preserve. The soft, white, warm and heaving bosom, with every secret charm besides, should be preserved inviolate, to reward alone the fond expecting husband. Lastly, she should never suffer any discourse of a wanton, or immoral tendency to pollute her ear, for it insensibly vitiates the sentiments, and inflames the passions, and then, most assuredly, "the woman who deliberates is lost."

The libertine, perhaps, will tell his mistress that nature knows no bonds for love; yet, most certain it does know them: Even among the brute part of the creation there are such natural ties, as are necessary for the propagation and most conveniently rearing their several offsprings. Most quadrupeds feed by grazing (or other means) while their active young ones are sucking the milky udder; they need not the male's assistance to support them, therefore their union with him is only momentary, such as their nature requires. But the feathered race have nests to build, and with their genial warmth to hatch their brood, and then with care and toil to feed them. The faithful cock assists and soothes his mate in all these labours, provides her and her callow young with food, and cheers her with the music of his voice, until the well fledged birds have

have taken their last instructions in flight ; that task completed, their union is no more needful, and therefore by the instinctive hand of nature is dissolved.

The brute creation in this, as well as every thing besides, is guided by that most convenient law, the law of nature ; instinct directs them, and they never err: while man shamefully abuses his prerogative of reason; no fancy is so unnatural, no desire so irregular, but his perverted appetite, his studied sensuality leads him to it. However, let us see what parity of reason, that same regard to general convenience, which in this case instinctively directs the brutes, must point out as the natural law of man in regard to the union of the sexes: first premising that nature knows no distinctions of rank or situation, and whatever would be wrong in general prac-

tice, is naturally forbidden to every individual.

Human creatures cannot maintain themselves in life, nor obtain their necessary food and raiment without being busily employed; and then their children are born weak and helpless, for years requiring a mother's almost sole attention; who then is naturally bound to protect and provide for her and the infant offspring but the father? While, yet, the first is young and wanting of support, its parents are engaged in the mutual charge. Thus far nature prompts, until a new offspring rises, and then a new natural tie binds them the faster; nor can they, consistently with the law of nature, break the bond, until their children are all reared to manhood; until they have instructed them in the necessary arts of life, until they  
have



have endeavoured to cultivate their  
reason,

To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.

And, then, are they who have spent  
the flower of life together, and grown  
habituated to each other, to part in  
old age, when nature's strength is  
fled? No surely:

Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son and brother;

Every tie of gratitude, every feeling  
that is truly human;

The law of nature binds the knot for life.

Nay, even scripture will be pro-  
fanely quoted to question, why man  
should be tied to one. But what have

we to do with the practice of the Jews, or the voluptuous customs of those eastern nations, who know nothing of the mutual rights of mankind, but who are in every line of life, cowards, effeminate tyrants and treacherous slaves? The number of the sexes seemingly are equal; delicate sentiment, generosity, gratitude, general propriety and convenience, as well as the laws of our country and holy religion, point out the union of one to one, and send unsympathizing, unendearing lust

Among the bestial herd to range.

But, why the ceremony, the black coat, or the ring? Every country, however uncivilized, has some public form of espousal, and how long have men been so very honest as to need no legal ties? What objection can  
well

well meaning men have to those rites which give reputation to the wife, credit of birth and right of inheritance to her children? What meaner passion (different far from love) must that be, which is unwilling to await the ceremony?

But at the least hint of the kind the fair should at once shudder and resent, as offensive to their delicacy, and affronting to their understandings. For, surely, it is the most debasing meanness for a woman to suffer herself to be made a poor tool of, to gratify the passion of fellows who make her their jest among their companions: while it must be the most pleasing triumph to bless with the most endearing affections of the soul, the man who makes her his in the eye of honor, and stands forth the support of her and her children. Such

a love is, indeed, as my Lord Rochef-  
ter says,

The most generous passion of the mind ;  
The softest refuge innocence can find.

NUM.



## NUMBER XXIII.

PLAIN-DEALING, ROUGH-  
DEALING, COMPLAI-  
SANCE, AND TRUE  
POLITENESS.

So over violent, or over civil.

DRYDEN.

**A**LTHOUGH real goodness of heart alone can form the man of worth, and sincerity is a most valuable virtue, yet a degree of politeness and complaisance is quite necessary, if we would either live agreeably ourselves, or be agreeable to others: and those rough speakers, whose pride it is to say

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whatever comes into their heads, without regarding whom it offends or injures, are at once enemies to their own peace and interest, and deficient in their duty towards their neighbours; for certainly that man is so, who gives them unnecessary and unprofitable pain. We need not flatter them in their vices, or even (provided there is hope of success) refrain from persuading them to abandon their errors, yet still we should have some respect to civility and good manners. A volume might be written on true complaisance, and it would comprehend a great part of the relative duty of man; but all I propose here, is to point out some little vulgar errors in outward behaviour, which I shall do by drawing sketches from nature, with some occasional remarks upon them.

I have already observed how much a rough speaking one's mind at all times,  
and



and upon all occasions, is a breach of good manners; yet this is the pride of Rusticus, who, rather than balk his humour, will distress his dearest friend, or enrage his most dangerous enemy: his remarks are always what he thinks, often very just, but frequently ill-timed and indecent. He has, perhaps, been spoiled, by being mostly in the company of those he thought his inferiors, but they were not the less intitled to civility on that account; it is cruelty, and an overbearing pride, added to bad manners, to take indecent freedoms, to insult an inferior, a dependant, a servant, whose situation will not suffer him openly to resent it.

Gnatho out does complacency; he flatters in such fulsome terms as makes you blush in public, or laugh in your sleeve. It is most indecent to speak of your regard for a man, or good opinion of him to his face; the handsomest

someft way of paying your court, is by a readinefs to oblige, a compliance with your friend's humours, and a feeming confidence in his judgment. How far this fhould be carried, muft be decided by true difcretion, and a regard to real honor.

Kind and hofpitable Dorothea wears you with continual invitations, even when you are doing the utmoft juftice to her entertainments; and although ſhe has provided her beft, ſhe is fo repeatedly ſorry that every thing is not good enough, that you are forced to praife every diſh, whether it juſt pleaſe your fancy or not: this is a kind, and well meant, but a troubleſome degree of complaiſance. A cheerful countenance, feemingly at eaſe, a kind, but not over acted degree of attention, will give the higheſt zeſt to your entertainments, and ſatisfaction to your gueſts.

But

But all Dorothea's invitations would be necessary for Stephanus. If he calls upon you with a design to dine or sleep, he notwithstanding needs so many invitations; or if he intends departing, is so intent on going, and yet never gone, that you know not whether you have him or lose him, until he is half way home: but those who understand real good breeding, know that it consists in an easy modest freedom, and so far as relates to little hospitable kindnesses, with those we chuse to interchange visits with, we should always

Take favors freely, and as freely give.

Pliard is so complaisant as to be always of the same mind as he finds the person is with whom he converses. I have, by way of trial and diversion, made him express quite contrary sentiments of persons or things in the space  
of

of half an hour. It is good not to enter too warmly into disputes, it is often better to drop a subject, when we find our companion's sentiments differ very much from ours; but unless we have more than plausible reasons given us for a change of sentiment, to give our's up at once, to speak what we do not think, is a ridiculous complaisance, which instead of pleasing, must make us despised.

But Clodius is one of those gentlemen

—————“ Whose temper suits,  
Like bawd and brandy with disputes.”

He mostly is a declaimer against all religions, but start an objection against any mode of faith, and he is a zealot in its cause. It is his pride to prove contradictions, nay when, for quietness sake, you have yielded him the victory, he will boast, that if he had taken your side of the question, he would  
more



more indisputably have triumphed. But disputes should neither have their rise, or be continued further, when it seems disagreeable to any of the company, especially your adversary, and those concerning religion, when men are at their cups, are most indecent, and must be shocking to every serious mind.

Selpack is not a mere man of argument, he is a public speaker, an orator, an instructor of the people; he may be reckoned the Socrates of his whole parish: he gives them lectures in the quibbles of law, or the abstruse jargon of scholastic divinity; this is his forte, he knows nothing of the generous principles of equity, of conscience, nor of that divine spirit of religion, which dissolves the soul into universal benevolence — charity towards man, and adoration of the Supreme Being. He uses, or rather abuses

abuses the Socratic method of arguing; he asks questions, and if you attempt to answer, catches at some word, and must have an explanation, so if you have not a lexicon in your head, ready at a moment's warning, he harangues away, and enjoys your confusion; but if you attempt the same with him, or to keep him to a point, he shifts his ground, and by strength of lungs, secures a safe retreat. Were he not a spiritless miser, he would be litigious; he hates lawyers, because they love to have fees, but has been seen to be frequently handed out of a court-leet, or a parish vestry, for his impertinent noise and hindrance of business.

Indeed, whoever is a monopolizer of discourse, whoever must always be heard, and is too noisy to hear others, whoever intrudes such long harangues, as are unsuitable or disagreeable to the company,

company, whether it be the pedant who confuses you with his books and learning, the sportsman who worries you with his hounds and hunting, the fop who teazes you with his dress, balls, and amours, the witling with his loose and profane jests, or the old drone with his string of tales upon tales, or whatever be his theme, he must be reckoned an impertinent coxcomb, and a sinner against good manners.

Neither is it being always bowing and cringing, or a fawning like admiration of what comes from another, nor yet a stupid fitting silent; but it is a desire to please, and to be pleased; a modest respectful behaviour to superiors, an easy chearful one to equals, and a dignified condescension to inferiors, which constitutes real good manners. But good sense, and a good heart, are the only sure foundations of good breeding; a fool may only be polished into a coxcomb,

coxcomb, or a rascal into a knave, or a hypocrite; but a good and sensible man, who has but a decent degree of assurance, can never be guilty of any great impropriety of behaviour.

NUM-



NUMBER XXV.

S U S P I C I O N.

Think'st thou I'll make a life of jealousy?  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove.

SHAKESPEARE.

**A**MONGST other equally abstruse and unserviceable questions which have been agitated in the schools, it has been disputed, whether angels have the power of concealing their thoughts from each other. How Omniscience has determined for these pure and sinless spirits is neither in our power to conceive, nor, in our present stage of being, is it our business to enquire; but most assuredly (notwithstanding all

all the mischiefs which are effected by means of disguise and hypocrisy) it is better for mankind that they see not into the secret workings of each other's bosom; for the very best man would be in perpetual shame, by reason of the almost involuntary evil thoughts continually intruding themselves upon him, and would be seeing such in others (who are now seemingly his friends, and may be always so in effect, or at least no way his enemies) as must give him constant disgust and uneasiness; and then what prospects for loathing or terror would he meet with in the breasts of too many who surround him.

If then the real and certain knowledge of other people's thoughts and wishes (notwithstanding the seeming security it might yield us) would be too dearly bought by the anxiety it would give us, and the dislike it would occasion,

occasion, how much more must it be a folly to be continually entertaining mere fancied jealousies of those with whom we have intercourse or connection. But to consider this subject further, I have only to copy an extract from some loose papers, left by a much valued relation of mine, lately deceased.

“ I always look upon it (says he)  
 “ as the best policy to think candidly  
 “ of mankind, as well for one’s  
 “ present ease, as for one’s future benefit.  
 “ A suspicious being is always uneasy  
 “ with himself, full of disquiet and  
 “ anxiety, thinking every one watch-  
 “ ing for an advantage over him; his  
 “ circumspection so very much [con-  
 “ tracts his notions that he dare not  
 “ put in practice what would be for  
 “ his own advantage, through the fear  
 “ of being over-reached by some dis-  
 “ honest means. Caution is really ne-  
 “ cessary

“cessary, but indiscriminate fears are  
“but the bugbears of a sordid and a  
“jealous mind.

“Whether we consider this idea of  
“thinking well of every body, as it  
“may affect us in the line of busi-  
“ness, or in our social intercourse with  
“friends and acquaintances, it will,  
“upon a just balance, be found the  
“more easy and pleasurable part to  
“take, and sure it must be the most  
“virtuous; how painful is it to think  
“those about us are turning our man-  
“ners into derision, or endeavouring  
“to take an advantage of our weak-  
“ness. It may, indeed, be argued,  
“that to place too much confidence  
“will render us easily made dupes  
“of, and frequently make us pay for-  
“feit of what we hold most dear  
“to this general and childish cre-  
“dulity. All this is in part granted;  
“I have not such an exalted opinion of  
“the



“ the good-will and integrity of man-  
“ kind in general, as to advise any per-  
“ son to deliver into the hands of a  
“ stranger, an acquaintance, or even one  
“ he has had reason to believe his friend,  
“ the power of hurting his enjoyments  
“ or interests ; I am only talking of the  
“ most easy and virtuous way of dealing  
“ with and living among mankind.  
“ One may surely think well of a man,  
“ let him see one does so, and by that  
“ means acquire his good-will, and so  
“ make every transaction and intercourse  
“ with him go smoothly on, in a way  
“ which must be mutually most pleasing,  
“ and yet not give up one’s own judgment  
“ and caution so much, as to endanger  
“ ease or advantage.

“ If you should have formed a good  
“ opinion of every decent person about  
“ you, or with whom you may have con-  
“ cerns, I should hope you would not  
“ have reason to alter your opinion of

“ more than two in ten of the whole cir-  
“ cle; provided, however, that you do  
“ not make it your study to find faults,  
“ and heighten every little error or weak-  
“ nefs into a breach of friendship, in-  
“ gratitude, or injustice, and take care  
“ not to form romantic and unreasonable  
“ expectations from generosity and confi-  
“ dence. But if you should be mistaken in  
“ a few, and even suffer some loss to  
“ your feelings, or your interest in life ;  
“ the pleasure you have all along had,  
“ and still feel in supposing your acquaint-  
“ tance in general think well of you,  
“ and would as candidly excuse your  
“ faults as you would their’s ; the consci-  
“ ousness of not having deserved bad  
“ usage from any one, by your having  
“ harboured unjust or ungenerous sus-  
“ picions of them, will make you rich  
“ amends, by the inward satisfaction it  
“ must yield. But on the other hand,  
“ it must certainly be a temptation to the  
“ world

“ world in general, to endeavour to reach  
 “ beyond one, who they see has no con-  
 “ fidence nor kindness towards them, but  
 “ whose sordid mind is entirely wrapped  
 “ up in the narrowness of self-hood.”—

In my opinion, with regard to our  
 conduct in this particular, the pro-  
 per maxim is, “ Divest not yourself  
 “ entirely of caution with your most in-  
 “ timate acquaintance, or seemingly  
 “ most faithful friend; yet show not  
 “ yourself ungenerously suspicious of  
 “ any one, unless you are certain he  
 “ is a rascal or your enemy.”

## NUMBER XXV.

## PRUDENTIAL LOVE.

—Full of youthful blood, and fond of man,  
She to the woodlands with an outlaw ran.

PRIOR,

To the AUTHOR.

S I R,

“ I AM a young woman of nineteen,  
“ the daughter of one who is  
“ able to give me a handsome fortune;  
“ and have for some time received the  
“ addreses of a young tradesman, who  
“ was seemingly in a thriving way;  
“ had the approbation of my parents;  
“ and by the agreeableness of his person  
“ and address, he entirely gained my af-  
“ fections, so that we were in a fair  
“ way



“ way of being united with the general  
“ consent of all parties, when unfortu-  
“ nately, one to whom he was indebted  
“ served him with a writ, which set all  
“ his creditors upon him at once, so  
“ that he is now a bankrupt. On this  
“ account my parents would have me  
“ forsake him. But do not you think I  
“ should act basely if I did? How mean  
“ a figure would a lady, as the heroine of  
“ a novel, make, if she should behave  
“ so ungenerously? I am sure not only  
“ by his words, but by his looks and  
“ actions, that he loves me ; and he says  
“ if I will but consent to marry  
“ him, he cares not whether my father  
“ will give me any thing or not. Now  
“ is not this generous? Do not you  
“ think I should run away with the poor  
“ fellow? Otherwise I believe I shall not  
“ merit the name of

“ FIDELIA.”

K 3

Methinks

Methinks my fair correspondent should consider the difference between a virtuous wife endeavouring cheerfully to share in the misfortunes, merited or unmerited, of her husband, and a young woman knowingly, and unnecessarily running herself and an unborn offspring into poverty and distress, and that too for the sake of a man who has grossly imposed upon her, and treated her so ungenerously as any one certainly does, who endeavours to conceal from his mistress any secret disadvantage which may attend an union with him; and whose true motive for paying his addresses to her, she should have the greatest reason to suspect, was less affection to her person, than her portion, with which he wanted to patch up his broken fortunes.

She says, she is sure that he loves her; but I, who perhaps may know the human heart as well, am pretty sure he  
does

does not—love her, Why yes he may love her, as he does a bottle of wine; that is, he may like her for the gratification of his appetite; but this surely is not that which deserves the name of love towards a fellow-creature, capable of reciprocal feeling and sentiments, and whom our conduct may make miserable or happy.

Had he, previous to his endeavouring to draw her into engagements, let her know the difficulties under which he laboured, and she could have seen it was probable that her bestowing her person and fortune upon him, would enable him to retrieve his affairs; and that from what appeared in his former conduct, it was likely he would do his part towards the restoring them, it would certainly then have been an act of generous love; but if either her means were inadequate, or she could not reasonably place sufficient confi-

dence in him, for her to become an unserviceable sharer in his distress, this, if he has a feeling heart, would be only adding to his misery, at the same time she is ruining herself. Love, although a most excellent desert, makes but a poor meal: we cannot satisfy the cravings of hunger with it, no, nor clothe the nakedness of our children. This, I think, may be satisfactory as to his very generous offer of taking her, whether her father will give her any thing or not; but any one who had not more love than judgment, might distrust his disinterestedness even here, as he likelily expects something from paternal forgiveness, and tender affection.

But my fair correspondent, I find, has formed her notions of heroic love from romances; the reading of which is but too frequently prejudicial to young women, as it is apt to raise that warm  
and



and delicate softness of sentiment, which is so natural to them (and which if not carried too far is their chiefest beauty) to a dangerous height. Were these novels formed upon proper, upon rational plans, the danger would be less; but in general, we see a loose young fellow, with some alluring beauties of character, which serve only to gild over the native ugliness of vice, after running through a series of lascivious scenes, all of which are most exquisitely described for the edification of the reader, the poison of which is to be amended by a few trite reflections in praise of virtue at the close of the book; I say this hero of romance, as the reward of lewdness and dissipation, is, after bringing himself to the brink of ruin, to have his affairs at once miraculously retrieved, (things not to be looked for in real life) and to be blessed with a still more valuable acquisition, an innocent, and every way virtuous

young woman, to whom he is to make (which is the most improbable miracle of all) an indulgent, faithful husband, and a kind, as well as provident father, to a race of healthy boys and girls.

Such are the stories written by those authors who more particularly pretend to copy nature: and how natural this sudden change of character is, may soon be determined by observing, how very rare indeed, they are seen in real life. A confirmed rake, or libertine, may take a religious turn, may (it is to be hoped) die happy, but scarcely ever can be that easy, chearful, sober man, formed to make matrimony comfortable. For what can such novels inculcate? They serve but to confirm giddy young girls in this absurd maxim, that a reformed rake makes the best husband; a notion which has been the ruin of but too many of the sex.

But

But let me caution all my fair readers, (especially you, my dear romantic girls) from shaping your conduct out of the hands of sober reason, to put it under the direction of sentiment — of a chimera, an ignis-fatuus which misleads the mind. Sentiment is the offspring of thought debauched by passion; it is nothing but a subtle refinement of desire. What is there so absurd or foolish, or indeed so ungenerous or unjust, but the mind (ever ingenious to its hurt) will find out something like sentiment to support it. It bids the flighty girl, “to please her eye, although it plague her heart:” and because the youth sighs sadly—perhaps for her portion—she must pity him, reward his passion, and plunge her anxious parents into sorrow and distress! And let me likewise warn you from indulging a passion under

the specious mask of friendship: platonic love is platonic nonsense. However pure, however disinterested it may fancy itself, there wants only opportunity and indulgence to make it sufficiently sensual. And yet a tender, delicate, and generous passion, how congenial to my feelings! Charmed with that beauty of soul, which shines forth in the mild lustre of her eye, hopeless of greater bliss, I have often fondly wished for some little mental intercourse, some friendship with the fair one—but my pen is dedicated to the cause of truth and reason, and what they seem to dictate it must implicitly obey.

NUM-



## NUMBER XXVI.

## PARENTAL AFFECTION.

— Moray, with unfather'd eyes,  
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale;  
Attends his human sacrifice,  
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

LANGHORNE.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

AS you seem no friend to wild romantic notions of love, and as my daughter Eleanor reads your paper, I think fit to appeal to you in a dispute between us. I did not, like Artimisia's foolish parents, deck out my girl with ruffles and ribbands, nor let her curl up her hair like the springes to catch wood-

woodcocks, that is fluttering coxcombs; nor yet did I set her heart agog with talking to her about a husband; but, on the contrary, took care to keep her from every place where she might fall into the company of your fine young fellows; so thought her safe until I had found out a man for her, who might be a good match, and would be likely to take care of what I had got scraped together, for she is my only child.

And now (she being seventeen) I have found her out one who is a young, handsome, sober, careful fellow, and what is best of all, a rich fellow too; and yet the foolish girl will not have him. She has taken a fancy to my man Robin. Who would ever have feared that? I have sent him a packing, but I cannot get her to marry the other; and I doubt she will be running away after him. Will it not be right for me to lock her up  
until

until I can get her to marry as I wish?  
Pray advise your perplexed

Humble servant,

CALEB CAUTIOUS.

It is a misfortune that people in general are most apt to run into extremes, whereas the medium in almost every thing is best. My correspondent was undoubtedly right not to dress his daughter above her rank, nor to fill her head with romantic notions; yet he took a still more dangerous method, in keeping her in so mean a garb, that she could not look out with any satisfaction among her neighbours, and in confining her, that there was no variety of objects to diversify her thoughts and wishes, so that if once a fond idea arose, it sat brooding in her solitary mind until it became sole monarch

narch of her soul. Had my correspondent introduced his daughter into company, she never would have looked upon Robin in any other light than as a servant. Let parents think what they will, "Love will be triumphant, nature will prevail."

My correspondent seems surprized that his daughter should refuse this "young, handsome man;" but if he was an Adonis, his being introduced by parental authority, in opposition to a favoured lover, would make her hate him. Among our country girls, who have not yet learned to submit to the mercantile method of courtship, an address first began by addressing them, will be the most pleasing; there is a pride of freedom natural to young women, (indeed to human nature in general) which makes them love to have the appearance as well as reality of making their own choice. The latter  
they



they should certainly have a very great share of, in an affair which is likely to fix their fate for life; for there are a thousand little particulars, which it is impossible any but the parties themselves can judge of, which may be agreeable, or disagreeable in so delicate, so tender an union as the married state is.

But to come to the point. As the affair now stands betwixt my correspondent and his daughter; I shall consider, first, the compulsive power of the parent as to how far he may proceed towards compelling her to marry as he approves, and secondly, the restrictive authority he may use to prevent her bestowing her hand according to her inclinations.

As to the first (although the local customs of too many countries are against me) I think the laws of God  
and

and Nature, or happily those of this nation, give him no such power at all; but there is a branch of it (equally severe upon a kind and generous heart) which may, and I doubt too frequently is made use of, I mean compulsory persuasion. If the great, who in case of disagreement, can pursue their separate pleasures, have their separate train of servants, their separate apartments, separate beds, and at last their separate maintenances; he, his mistress, she her cicisbeo, I say if they think fit to prefer wealth to happiness, it is no example for those of lower rank to follow, who must be confined to the same apartments, who must be every thing to each other; and whether they kiss or snarl, must run through life together. Hard are the mother's pains and cares, the nurse's confinement, tedious watchings, when no love for the father, no husband's

band's grateful tenderness rewards it. To think ourselves happy is a great means to keep us so; but to fancy unhappiness (however chimerical the reason) is undoubtedly sufficient to keep us always wretched. It is certainly quite necessary to make wedlock happy, that both parties enter into it with entire good will. If the father's choice knows not of the bride's reluctance, it is the height of injustice to give him a wife without what a man of any delicacy of sentiment would value most of all, the affections of her heart. If he does know it, and yet accepts her, he thereby shews his unworthiness. What man of sense and feeling would trust his daughter with one who, when he takes her, knows he makes her wretched! A generous lover (indeed any one who really loves) would rather see his mistress happy in the arms

arms of him she doats on, than miserable in his own.

But in the restrictive part, a parent certainly has a right to interfere, and the child should be implicitly obedient. It must be distressing to a father, to see his thoughtless child throwing herself away upon one he in his better judgment cannot but think unworthy; or marrying one whose situation is such, as must plunge her into poverty and distress. And surely a parent's tender care deserves some regard, although the young person should think him rather capricious. But yet a father should not desire to sacrifice his child's happiness to his ambitious views, nor refuse her to the worthy man she loves, because she might get one a little richer. And even when he thinks he must refuse, it should be done with gentleness and caution, so that she may not be driven  
to



to fatal extremities: if by gentle and tender remonstrances, she can be brought to set her own judgment in opposition to the frenzy of passion, there is little fear but her passion may be subdued; but violence and compulsion I am certain will never prevail; they will rather hurry her into indiscretions, which if left to herself, and at leisure to reflect, she might perhaps avoid. "But (says an eminent and humane physician) "when love has got to a certain "height, it admits of no cure but "the possession of the object," and parents may persist in a refusal until "a ruined constitution, or a "distracted mind has shewn them "their mistake." If such be the case of my correspondent's daughter, I would have him maturely to consider whether, if she must be  
un-

unhappy, he would chuse it should be from her own fault, or from his.

END OF VOL. I.

